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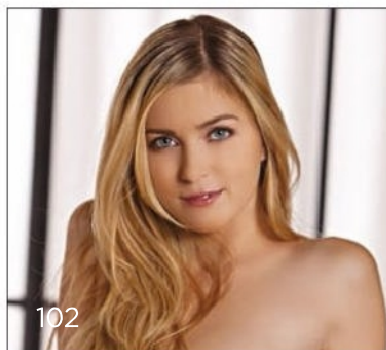
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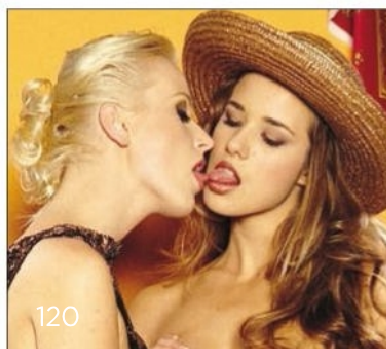
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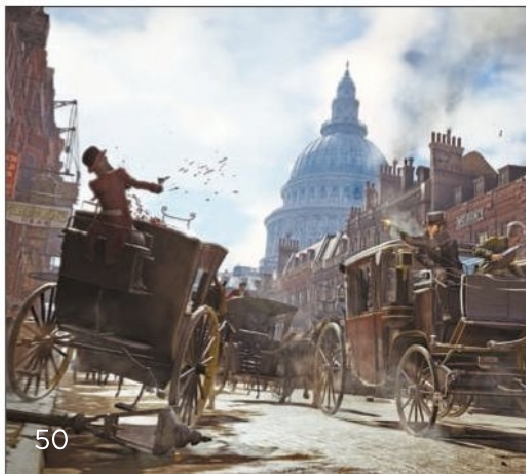
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How to Tell Time Like a Man

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Your watch shouldn't cost more than your car. It should look and feel like a power tool and not a piece of bling. Wearing it shouldn't make you think twice about swinging a hammer or changing a tire. A real man's time-piece needs to be ready for anything. But that's just my opinion. If you agree, maybe you're ready for the **Stauer Centurion Hybrid**. Use your **Exclusive Insider Promotional Code** below and I'll send it to you today for **ONLY \$59**.

This watch doesn't do dainty. And neither do I. Call me old-fashioned, but I want my boots to be leather, my tires to be deep-tread monsters, and my steak thick and rare. Inspiration for a man's watch should come from things like fast cars, firefighters and power tools. And if you want to talk beauty, then let's discuss a 428 cubic inch V8.

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EDITOR'S NOTE



Clockwise from above: **RISK** creating the Pop Shots set; gear that will enhance your beer-consumption experience; fitness gifts that will complement your workouts; Pet of the Month **Alex Grey**

POP SHOTS

Our guest art director this month is legendary L.A. graffiti artist **RISK**, aka **Kelly Graval**. He selected four beautiful models for the shoot, and decorated the set by painting the wall that would serve as a backdrop for the ladies. Then Graval and photographer **Tommy O.** used that artwork to its full advantage, showcasing both **RISK**'s old-school style and the mouthwatering curves of the models. We're sure you'll find the results to be as scintillating and stimulating as we do (page 29).


WISH LISTS

We've been making lists, and checking them twice—all so you can put together your own list: presents that will make your holiday season merry and bright. "The Cool Yule Guide" runs the gamut, with cold-weather gear, emergency supplies, stylish accessories, new ways to enjoy your downtime, and more (page 40). Our annual "Holiday Gaming Survival Guide" sorts the wheat from the chaff of new videogames, allowing you to focus on the best new releases (page 50). "The Holiday Fitness List" features products that will complement your workouts (page 15); "Presents of Mind" has great new gadgets (page 20); "Geek Gifts" has suggestions that will appeal to anyone who's fascinated by the nerdy side of pop culture (page 46); and "Ganja Gifts" has presents that any stoner will love (page 48).

We pulled together a collection of spirits that make great gifts, "Good Cheer" (page 22); products to enhance your beer-consumption experience, "Cheers for Beer" (page 24); and a rundown of the new line of Penthouse Wines, "We Give You Something to Wine About," complete with pairing ideas that will make it easy to impress your date by picking the right wine for any meal (page 26).

GIRL POWER

Of course, the one thing in this issue with true knockout appeal, as in every issue, is the models. Our cover girl, Pet of the Month **Alex Grey**, who was photographed by **Tammy Sands**, got us started, and you won't want to miss a single image of her breathtaking pictorial and centerfold (page 64). Then there's the lovely **Abigaile**, who gives us a glimpse of a very sexy workout, shot by **Emmanuel Fouquet** (page 102). She's sandwiched between two girl-girl sets: **Lucy and Vinna** getting randy in a photo set from **Davide Esposito** (page 86), and the latest installment in our series of retrospective layouts, "Mannequin," an **Earl Miller** set from November 2002 with Penthouse Pet **Cheyenne Silver** bringing life—and love—to a store-window mannequin (page 120).

Plus, Penthouse Pet **Sam Phillips** catches up with September 1992 Pet of the Month **Seana Ryan** in *Pet Cougar Confidential* (page 98), and we take a quick look back at a layout from December 2009 of **Lena Nicole** and Penthouse Pet **Jayme Langford** (page 142). Enjoy! 



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HOLIDAY

BUZZ



I don't get excited about many things, but the holiday season really does it for me. And last year was the first time I had a girlfriend who shared my enthusiasm for all things Christmas, so, yeah—we did go a hair or two over the top with holiday spirit.

Since Thanksgiving, our small apartment had been transformed into a winter wonderland on steroids, with lights, ornaments, and tinsel strung throughout the three rooms. And the pine scent in the air wasn't just from the six-foot blue spruce we'd managed to crowd into the living room, with its colorful garland of Mardi Gras beads, running strobe lights, and X-rated ornaments. Boughs of discarded evergreen branches salvaged from several tree lots decorated our windows and the mantel of our faux fireplace.

Now that it was Christmas Eve, Marcella and I would each open one of the small gifts we'd given each other. There were just three rules: Christmas Eve was reserved for just us girls, the gifts we gave each other had to be

wrapped, and they had to fit in our multicolored stockings that we'd hung from the mantel.

Marcella had worked late that night and didn't get home till nearly 10 P.M. I kept busy by making a casserole, eggnog that I'd liberally laced with rum, and brownies.

As soon as Marcella came home, I turned on the oven so the casserole could bake, and I set the timer. Then I met Marcella in the living room and waited till she'd hung up her coat before pulling her close and kissing her lips, which had been chilled from the cold. Her hands slipped past the opening in my robe to fondle my breasts, and she pushed me back till we tumbled onto the couch, kissing as

While our tongues played, I heard the vibe begin to buzz, then felt the tip against my clit. I moaned into her mouth as she rolled it over my most sensitive spot.

"I want you to think about using this the next time I call you at work," she said. She slid the vibrating tip along my slick folds and turned up the power before pushing it inside me. All my nerve endings went on high alert, and when her wicked tongue rolled over my clit, I felt the orgasm blast through my body and screamed at the intensity of my release.

Marcella turned off the vibrator and gently removed it from my spasming pussy. My body still shook from small aftershocks, and when I opened my

Marcella slid the vibrating tip along my slick folds and turned up the power before pushing it inside me.

if we hadn't seen each other in months instead of just hours. But when her hand wormed its way between my legs, I scrambled off the couch, squealing, "Presents first! Presents first!" and ran for the package she'd stuffed into my stocking.

Marcella started undressing as I shredded the wrapping paper, tossing both it and the bow onto the floor. Inside the box was the cute, pocket-size vibrator I'd dropped several not-so-subtle hints about over the past month, and several packs of batteries.

"Like it?" she asked. She didn't need to ask. I had the batteries loaded in seconds, but before I was able to turn it on, Marcella snatched it out of my eager hands.

"Let's just make sure it works properly," she said. Then she stuffed a pillow under my ass and kissed me.

eyes, Marcella was sucking my cream from the vibrator.

"Best present ever," I murmured, as I rubbed against her like a contented feline. "Now it's your turn, baby."

Shopping for Marcella hadn't been easy. She didn't drop any hints, and I had to really wrack my brain to come up with a gift that would blow her mind. And I did. She was going to look absolutely irresistible in the leather wrist and ankle tethers I'd bought her!—P.J., North Carolina

More letters on page 130

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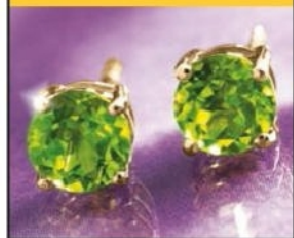
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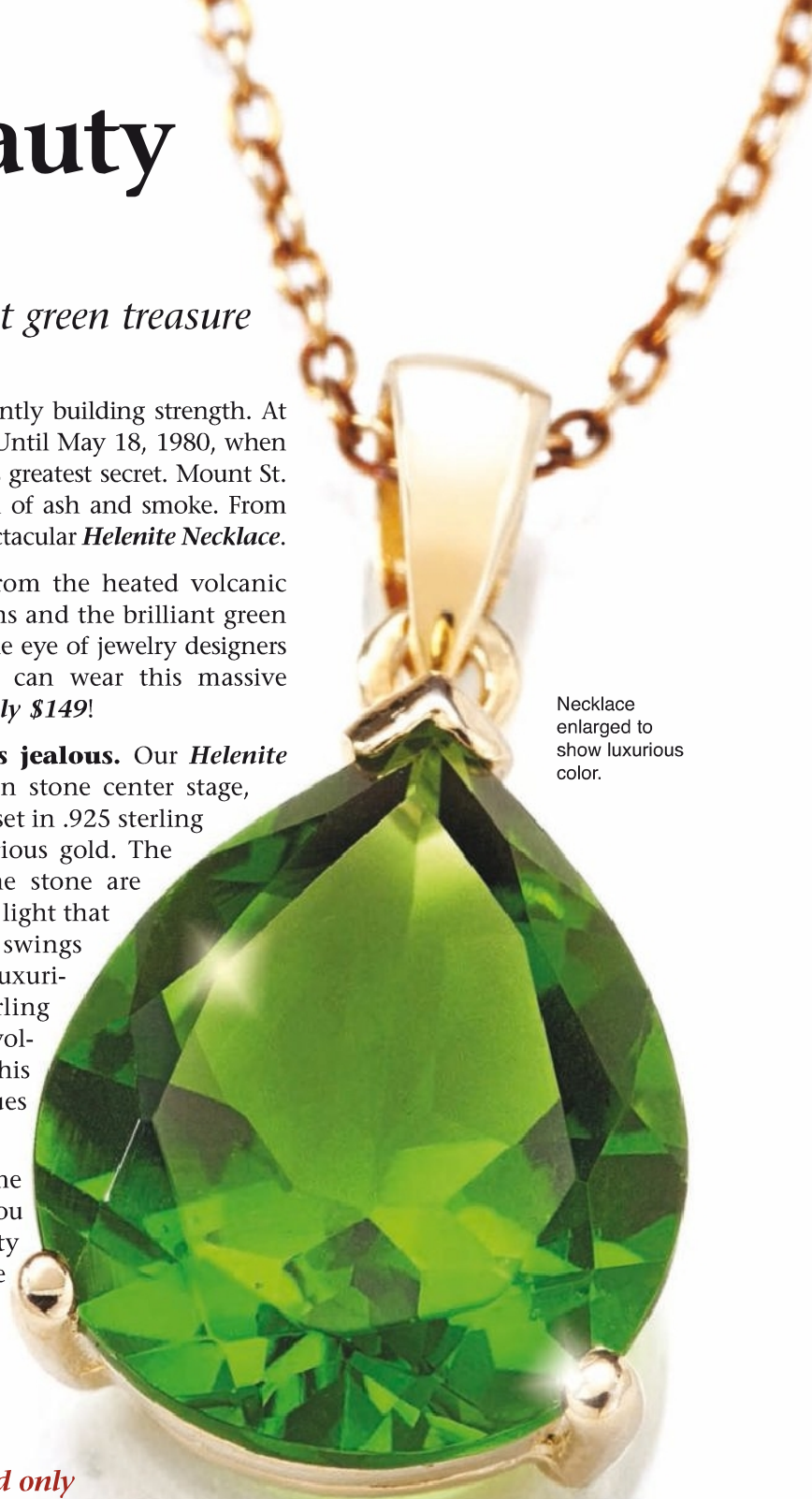
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Technically, George Lucas started hyping *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* 35 years ago, when he described *Star Wars* as a “nine-part saga” during a magazine interview. After the sixth film was released in 2005, fans spent the better part of a decade wondering if, indeed, there ever would (or should) be three more episodes. The answer came after Disney acquired Lucasfilm in 2012 and almost immediately announced production on a sequel trilogy set 30 years after *Return of the Jedi*. Sci-fi master (and longtime *Star Wars* fan-



boy) J. J. Abrams is at the helm, which is basically a guaranteed win. Han, Luke, Leia, Chewbacca, and the *Millennium Falcon* are back, joined by a whole new generation of characters played by (from left) John Boyega, Daisy Ridley, and Adam Driver. Other than some leaked drone footage from the set, the team has managed to keep many details under wraps, which is pretty damn impressive—and should make for the kind of genuine surprises rarely seen in the age of internet spoilers. By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS

The Hunger Games: Mockingjay Part 2

The final installment in the *Hunger Games* franchise may be the most disturbing one yet. And considering that the series takes place in a dystopian country where teenagers are forced to fight in televised death matches, that's saying a lot. In *Part 2*, Katniss—who's become a symbol of hope in the rebellion against the corrupt Capitol—embarks on a mission to assassinate President Snow. Along the way, she struggles with morality and mortality in equal doses. As usual, the violence is brutal and the death toll is high, but we'll endure the inevitable post-*Games* despair to see Jennifer Lawrence wield a bow one more time.



Creed

More than 15 years after the epic suckfest that was *Rocky V*, the not-so-terrible 2006 reboot *Rocky Balboa* proved we were ready to give the Italian Stallion a shot at redemption. Sylvester Stallone vowed to hang up his gloves, and he kept his word—here, he takes on the Burgess Meredith role. In what's more spin-off than sequel, the action centers on Apollo Creed's son, played by Michael B. Jordan (*Fantastic Four*). The film is cowritten and directed by Ryan Coogler, whose first feature, *Fruitvale Station*, won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Film Festival. In other words, expect an emotionally charged story that just might live up to *Rocky's* legacy.



Sisters

Separately, Tina Fey and Amy Poehler are two of the funniest people in Hollywood. Together, they're even better. For evidence, see their *Saturday Night Live* "Weekend Update" reign, 2008's *Baby Mama*, or last year's Golden Globes. In this comedy, they play detached siblings who reunite to clean out their childhood bedroom before their parents move. They decide to give their old home a proper send-off with a long-overdue house party, where they bond with each other ... and also with John Cena, because why not? Look for cameos from *SNL* alums Rachel Dratch, Maya Rudolph, and Kate McKinnon in this raunchy comedy.



The Night Before

In this buddy comedy, Seth Rogen, Anthony Mackie, and Joseph Gordon-Levitt star as friends with a long-standing tradition of partying together on Christmas Eve. But their glory days are coming to an end—Rogen's character is about to become a dad, and Mackie's character's football career is taking off—so they plan one last hurrah. Armed with a stash of drugs, they take off in search of the mythical Nutcracka Ball, a rager to end all ragers. Expect loads of comedian cameos, and possibly an emotional element that goes beyond the coke-fueled partying.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (CREED) BARRY WETCHER

Christmas-Day Movies

There's no better cure for an eggnog hangover than spending the day in a darkened movie theater.

Snowden

Following the Edward Snowden saga in the news was interesting enough, so we're expecting this political thriller starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt and directed by Oliver Stone to be edge-of-your-seat suspenseful.

The Revenant

Many are predicting this Western thriller about a fur trapper fighting for survival after a bear attack will put an end to Leonardo DiCaprio's career-long Oscar dry spell.

The Hateful Eight

In this sure-to-be-bloody western from Quentin Tarantino, two bounty hunters, a fugitive, and a man claiming to be a sheriff seek shelter from a blizzard, and end up trapped with four other gunslingers.

Concussion

Will Smith stars in this sports drama about the neuropathologist who blew the lid off the risks of brain trauma for pro football players.

Daddy's Home

Will Ferrell plays a straitlaced stepfather who gets overshadowed when the kids' cool biological dad (Mark Wahlberg) turns up.

Point Break

Luke Bracey steps into the role of Johnny Utah, an FBI agent who infiltrates a group of bank-robbing adrenaline junkies. It's not just surfing this time—the stunts include wing-suit flying, backcountry snowboarding, and free climbing.

Joy

Yes, it's about a single mom who invents the Miracle Mop, but don't let that fool you. Jennifer Lawrence is reteamed with her *Silver Linings Playbook* costar Bradley Cooper and director David O. Russell.



Agent X

It's been 23 years since Sharon Stone blew our minds in *Basic Instinct*. In this TNT drama, she's finally back in a lead role. She plays the vice president, who has the ability to enlist the services of a skilled agent who's so top-secret that even the president doesn't know about him. We're hoping the political thriller marks a long-overdue comeback for Stone—and judging from her recent nude spread in *Harper's Bazaar*, we'll enjoy watching her now just as much as we did in the 1990s.



Angel From Hell

In this new CBS comedy, Jane Lynch stars as Amy, a brassy woman who befriends type-A dermatologist Allison (*Psych*'s Maggie Lawson). But lest you think this is the standard odd-couple formula, there's a twist: Amy is a day-drunk, promiscuous eccentric who claims to be Allison's longtime guardian angel. Is she telling the truth? Is she insane? Maybe both? Expect the show to explore themes of faith and friendship—but with Lynch involved, it's likely to be funny.



Into the Badlands

Noticing a lack of martial-arts shows, the creators of this AMC drama decided to make their own, loosely based on a classic Chinese novel. Daniel Wu—who's also executive producing—stars as a seasoned warrior who trains a young boy as they travel through a dangerous land in search of enlightenment. The show is part action flick, part western, part dystopian drama. We're expecting it to kick serious ass; since AMC has given it the primo time slot following *The Walking Dead*, clearly, someone there agrees.

DVDs



Doctor Who: The Christmas Specials Gift Set

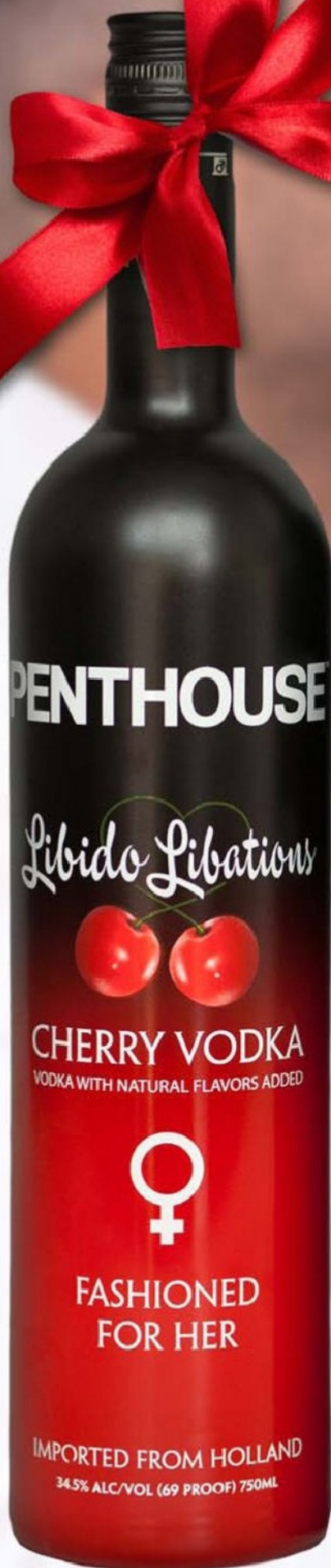
Ever since the first *Doctor Who* Christmas special aired in 2005, Whovians have been tirelessly ranking their favorites. Now you can decide for yourself, since they'll all be available in one binge-ready collection—from *The Christmas Invasion* original to last year's *The Last Christmas*. Because, really, when all the holiday festivities start to feel a little monotonous, there's no antidote quite like watching Santa battling alien crabs.



The Hobbit: The Motion Picture Trilogy Extended Edition

Fans of Bilbo Baggins are already eagerly awaiting the Blu-ray extended edition of the trilogy's third installment, *The Battle of the Five Armies*, which will include a longer cut of the movie, plus nine hours of special features. But for anyone who slacked on getting the extended editions of the previous two films, the extended trilogy will include the longer cuts of all three films, as well as an exhaustive collection of bonus features. **A+**

*Spreading
Holiday
Joy!*



*Drink
Sexy!*

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www.penthousespirits.com



THE HOLIDAY FITNESS LIST

When it comes to shopping for us guys, we're simple.

By Joe Vennare

W

e don't need much. Just the essentials. Like a lady (or two) by our side. Maybe some tech stuff to make life easier. And gear we can actually use. Especially the kind that'll help us look good, feel good, and achieve peak performance.

The thing is, when the holiday season rolls around, our loved ones—and lover(s)—fail to find the perfect gift. It's not that they don't try. Quite the opposite is true. They try too hard. Snooping around. Shopping for days. Searching for hints when the answer is hiding in plain sight. All you have to do is give us something that makes us feel like a man, and a better man at that.

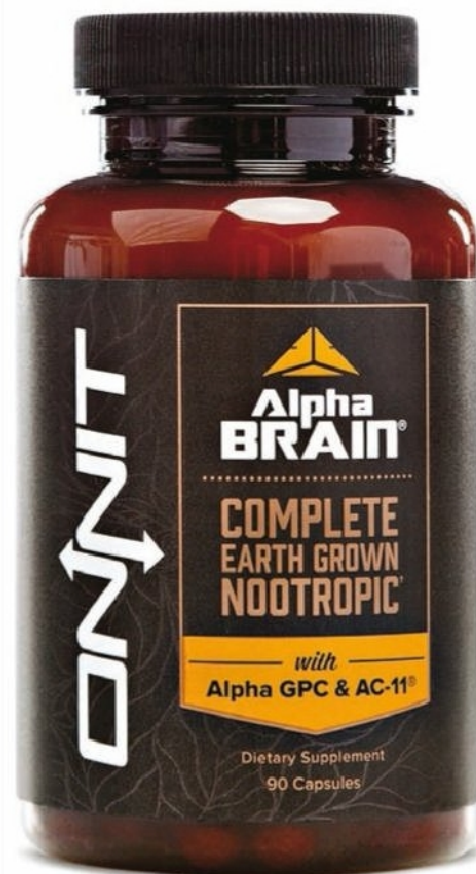
Of course that list, the one with gifts that'll satisfy the goal of making us feel like a man, is simple—just like us. But after you decide that a blowjob is too much work, anal is too scary, and your best friend is off-limits (maybe next year?), we'll take any or all of these fitness, tech, and performance goods. And they can all be opened in front of the family.



■ Go-Anywhere Activewear

Classic Full-Zip Hoodie
American-Giant.com • \$89
Performance Chinos
UnderArmour.com • \$80

Ask any guy and he'll agree—he'd give anything to wear a hoodie and sweatpants everywhere. Like from work to working out, for hanging out on the couch, or to happy hour. Trouble is, that's not always socially acceptable. Well, it is if you're wearing the Classic Hoodie from American Giant with Under Armour's Performance Chinos. *But those aren't sweatpants!*, you think. And, *That hoodie is kind of basic.* Here's the thing: The pants feel like sweats, but you don't look like a bum. And the hoodie, it's simple by design. A design that's been called "the greatest hoodie ever made."



■ Get Your Mind Right

Alpha BRAIN supplements
Onnit.com • \$35 for 30 capsules

Everyone from professional athletes to entrepreneurs talks about the importance of "being in the zone." It's when everything fades away except the task at hand. You go head-down until the work is done or the goal is achieved. Of course, it's not always easy. Making it easier? This brain-boosting, performance-optimizing, scientifically backed nootropic from the folks over at Onnit. FYI—nootropics are "smart drugs": supplements or foods that improve mental functions, like cognition and concentration, helping you achieve a state of flow. That way you get shit done with ease.



■ Eat Well on the Go

Epic protein bars

EpicBar.com • \$30 for a box of 12

Let's be honest, eating healthy is fucking hard, especially if you're always on the go. You try to eat the right things. You even think you're making good choices, only to find out later that you've been misled. Beef jerky is a perfect example. It's meat. Meat is protein. Protein is good. Except that the typical gas-station beef jerky is packed with preservatives. Get the grass-fed, paleo-friendly, gluten-free Epic Bars instead. Whether you choose bison, bacon, pork, chicken, turkey, or lamb, every 1.5-ounce bar is a natural combination of meat, fruit, and nuts.



■ A Personal Trainer, No Strings Attached

Sport Coach wireless headphones
Jabra.com • \$150

No wires either. Just a coach in your ears at all times—or at least when you have the headphones in. Now you don't have to work out on your own, but you don't have to pay an overpriced personal trainer, either. It will even monitor the activity and intensity of your workout when used alongside leading fitness apps. Plan a workout ahead of time, pop these bad boys in, get coached along the way, then review your workout later. And don't forget, the Dolby system delivers quality sound even when you're not working out.




■ Improve How You Move

MobilityWOD recovery tools

RogueFitness.com •

Supernova 2.0, \$40; Gemini, \$35

It doesn't matter if you're a jock or a desk jockey; chances are good that your body is beat down. Maybe your muscles are sore because you ran too far, or because you haven't run in years. Sitting on your ass is hard, too. Either way, it's time to unfuck your body. The Supernova 2.0 (left) is a lifesaver used to dig deep into tissue, relieving tightness and soreness. Keep the recovery going by pairing it with the Gemini (above)—a tool used to provide deep-tissue massage to the spine, lower back, and other stiff spots. 

PURISTS BE DAMNED

Combining vintage style with modern power and amenities results in a gorgeous, one-of-a-kind car.

By Jonathan Ward



Back in the 1960s, riding the recent success of its 2002 series (1962 and later), BMW developed another coupe. This time the designers set their sights a bit more upmarket, to compete with the likes of the big Mercedes coupes, yet with a bit more of a sporting focus. The new coupe was based on the 3200 CS (1962 to '65), which had been designed by Italian automaker Gruppo Bertone. It was modified by design chief Wilhelm Hofmeister in this iteration, and was the first BMW to employ the "Hofmeister kink" in the C-pillar (something all BMWs since have had); the bodies were built externally by

Karmann. The first version of the car, the BMW 2000 C, was developed on the "New Class" platform in 1965, but performance was far from exhilarating, with only about 100 horsepower on tap. Brand executives quickly realized that for the car to succeed and truly be competitive, it needed to run the sexy M30 straight-six engine with 170 horsepower. To do so, they stretched the platform and refined the design into what was called the 2800 CS (1968 to 1971). That did the trick, and the car was quite popular.

The next step in the evolution of the coupe was the 3.0 CS, launched in 1971. Again, BMW upped the performance—180-plus horsepower (200-plus in the fuel-injected ver-

sion), rear disc brakes, a better rear suspension—and further detailed the sculpted beauty. Then came the CSi with fuel injection, then the beast version for racing, the CSL (nicknamed the "Batmobile"). Most consider this matured design to be the finest version of the car, and the most fun to drive. These svelte cars had a top speed of 128 miles per hour and all the creature comforts one could expect (leather seating, wood trim, power windows, AC), combined with arguably the most beautiful lines.

The agile and sharklike 3.0, internally called the E9, was an instant hit. Graceful and elegant, while still manly and a true driver's car, the 3.0 was made in various forms from 1968 to

1975. While many cars of that era have not been so lucky, 3.0s have aged well and are very appealing to the modern eye. Its arched body, large greenhouse, and clean Bauhaus design details attract attention worldwide.

Even BMW has noticed its enduring appeal, recently debuting a concept car based on the 3.0, which further stirred interest and helped keep the car in people's minds.

Hagerty, one of the leading classic-car insurers, has tracked values of 3.0s as being on a steady incline, up 40 percent in the past decade, 20 percent in the past three years alone. Recent indicators show the cars are starting to jump even higher. A quick search today shows nice drive-quality 3.0 CSs in the \$35,000 to \$60,000 range. Want a CSL? Forget about it. They're stupid rare and hard to find, and a good one will set you back at least \$150,000. Reality is, the CSL cars are best suited for the track anyway, with acrylic windows and more boy-racer content than most drivers today would tolerate daily.

If you're looking for a fun classic car as an investment you can enjoy and drive, you may want to consider a CS or CSi. As with most classics, try



to build one for himself that met his evolved mechanical palette.

Six years ago, he bought this 1973 car (pictured) from the original owner. It was fairly tired, but all there. Like me, he's a sucker for modern performance, yet a fan of vintage design, so he planned to put in a V-10 engine and a six-speed transmission from a wrecked M5 sedan he owned. On the slow, hot, and sweaty drive back from San Francisco to Los Angeles, however, he realized he should stick with a six-cylinder engine. Even the original

There are tons of clever solutions and details in the car, like an extra set of hood vents that hide a modern AC system, and a subtly modified tachometer with its redline matched to the modern motor.



to buy the nicest car you can find. They suffer from serious rust woes, so hunt with care. Restoration and 3.0-specific parts can be alarmingly expensive, so it might be best to let someone else go through the effort, then swoop in and buy a done car (if it was done right).


All of this brings me to one specific car, owned by my friend Joshua. Josh could go out to the dealer and simply buy a new M-series BMW, but he's not that guy. He finds new cars soulless, and wants something that is a reflection of his personal sense of style, not status. An exceptionally artistic guy, he did not heed the warnings expressed in the previous paragraph, and instead set out

race version ran a six, and it's a big part of the heart and soul of the car.

Josh looked for the highest-performance BMW six-cylinder, the S54 engine BMW used in the E46 M3 series from 2000 to 2006. When we could find neither a good used engine nor the electrical harness to run it, he decided to just buy the whole car. Probably a good idea, because then he had every little widget he needed for the heart transplant. He sold the leftover M3 (minus engine, transmission, Brembo brakes, and electrical system) to a guy who planned to build a drift racer out of it, and it ended up costing far less than piecing the components together.

Josh's goal was to build the car

with the trim and feel of the CSL, but with the creature comforts of the CSi, set up with modern BMW power and an updated suspension. There are tons of clever solutions and details throughout the car, like an extra set of hood vents integrated into the rear package tray to hide a modern AC system, and a subtly modified tachometer with its redline matched to the modern motor. Add in the rare Scheel CSL interior, vintage WEDS wheels, and more, and I'd say he met, if not exceeded, that goal. He recently drove the car up to Pebble Beach for Car Week, and received praise wherever he went. More important, he effortlessly cruised up and back down to Los Angeles in comfort and style, the sexy six humming all the way.

Traditionally, such a car would have been considered a sacrilege. But as the classic-car market evolves, and the tastes and expectations of modern car geeks change, there is a growing acceptance of rebuilds of this kind. Should Joshua ever want to sell it, I suspect he would find plenty of ready and willing buyers, as the end result goes well beyond the norms of a traditionally built vintage car. Sometimes it pays to stick to your vision and build what you want, your way. 

PRESENTS OF MIND

Smart gadgets that make no-brainer gifts—even for yourself. • By Crispin Boyer



■ OnePlus 2 phone

OnePlus • Starting at \$329

Last year's OnePlus One was more than just a feature-packed smartphone—it was a smart buy. This follow-up flagship-slaying device comes with even punchier specs at an unbelievable price for an unlocked phone (\$329 for the 16-gigabyte model; \$389 for 64 gigs), less than half the cost of a comparable contract-free phone. And it's as well-built as any flagship from Samsung, LG, Apple, etc., with an aluminum-alloy frame and a 5.5-inch screen that's vibrant enough for viewing at high noon. The CPU is among the fastest on the market, while the 13-megapixel-camera sensor snaps low-light shots. The only downside: Ownership is an exclusive club. You need an invite from a current OnePlus owner to buy a OnePlus 2 (or sign up for invites at OnePlus.net/invites). We're guessing those invites will be easier to snag in the coming months as more people buy up phones.



■ Home alarm

Myfox • \$279

If an overweight man in a red suit can squeeze down your chimney on December 25, you have some serious security issues. Defend your hacienda without paying a monthly monitoring fee

by installing Myfox's Home Alarm. Just place the hockey-puck-shaped device on a shelf and attach the included break-in sensor to your most vulnerable window or door (additional sensors are available for \$50 each). The alarm connects to your home Wi-Fi network and a smartphone app, which lets you or designated lookouts in your trusted social circle monitor the inside of your home. A key-chain fob identifies you as a non-burglar when you open the door, so you won't need to disarm or rearm the system when you come and go. The system also integrates with the Nest and Nest Protect thermostats to kick on climate control when you get home, and monitor for fires or carbon-monoxide buildup.



■ AC3200 tri-band gigabit router

TP-Link • \$260

Size doesn't matter when it comes to Wi-Fi routers, but numbers do. Four antennae are better than two for extending your range without extra adapters. Two bands are better than one for

accommodating the most devices in a household littered with laptops, media streamers, phones, and tablets. But with its six antennae and three bands, TP-Link's AC3200 outperforms even heavyweight routers in homes overflowing with electromagnetic radiation. Its high-speed, 3,200 megabits-per-second band is ideal for streaming 4K content and multiplayer games, while two 1,300 Mbps bands handle lighter duty. Assignments happen automatically based on network demand so you don't have to play IT guy, although the interface offers a million options if you want to eke every megabit out of your broadband connection.



■ Predator 8 GT-810 gaming tablet

Acer • \$300

It bristles with four speakers that deliver virtual surround sound and is being marketed as the "loudest gaming tablet on the planet"—not necessarily a strong selling point if you have sensitive neighbors or prefer to play with headphones. But fortunately the Predator 8 offers other knockout features, from its eight-inch, 1,920 by 1,200 display to its force-feedback buzzers near the handgrips to its mighty Atom x7 processor that will run games (and emulators) without bogging down. All that power fits into a pencil-thin aluminum shell that's light enough to hold in one hand, making this a great all-around tablet for movies, eBooks, and web browsing.



Our twenty-first-century rogue explains how to improve on advice from pickup artists.


My roommate went to one of those pickup-artist boot camps a couple of months ago. Since he “graduated,” he’s been bringing so many girls back to our place that it’s like sharing a house with mid-eighties Mötley Crüe. He’s a different man now, but he won’t share any of the secrets he learned with me, probably because it was so expensive. (He paid about \$3,500 for the workshop, and at least \$2,000 for new clothes.) Still, he’s living the dream, and I’m still playing Warcraft and watching heavy-metal videos on YouTube every night. Do those lines and strategies actually work? Should I save up my money and attend one of the workshops?

Happy holidays, motherfucker. I'm about to give you the gift that keeps on giving: the power to talk to women with confidence. And instead of paying five grand for it like your friend, it won't cost you a cent.

I The pickup-artist community is very good at what it does. Those guys have studied male/female courtship rituals like a science—so much so that the nerds have removed the humanity from human interaction and turned the whole thing into a game of wits. And it's a rigged one, where one player isn't aware she's playing. Students are taught pre-written lines and choreographed moves as if they're actors in a movie. But you don't need to bamboozle women into sleeping with you. These amateur social scientists have forgotten one thing: Women are people, just like you, with wants and desires and all that shit. They're not alien sexbots you can capture with trickery.

Ultimately, pickup artists teach socially awkward guys how to talk to women by casting a wide net and chatting up every chick with a pulse until someone is willing to listen to them *in spite of* the crap they're talking. The jerk who tells a girl, "You look like every woman I've ever slept with," is doing himself no favors. However, if he's good-looking or interesting enough, he can still get the girl; the real secret is confidence. Pickup lines work only if the man delivering them is already attractive to the woman he's talking to. That's the real secret behind pickup-artist culture: It's not the line that works—it's you, and the confidence you project.

I've got to admit that a good line is a great confidence-builder, so let me share one of my favorite pickup-artist-style openers. Your roommate has likely learned to spam chicks online—and in real life—with a conversation starter like, “You look like trouble.” Why does it work? It allows a woman to accept a nonphysical compliment, to feel a tiny bit scandalous, and to know you’ve recognized her wild side (everybody has one). It takes down the creep factor, since she’s in control of the interaction if (or when) she responds.

Now, let's improve on the pickup game: Instead of casting a wide net to catch anyone with a vagina, improve your odds by narrowing your focus to girls you have shared interests with. You're a gamer and a metal fan already; there are your ice-breakers. Locate the girl who loves the new Lamb of God album and all-night gaming sessions, and tell her she looks like trouble. If she responds with a laugh or a flirty message, talk to her about the things you both like. Be yourself. You don't have to pretend to be some slick-talking wank stain to get the girl if you find the *right* girl. Make a real-life connection with her. Invite her to dinner and a concert. Challenge her to a gaming session on a rainy day. If you treat her like a fellow person—the very sexy fellow person she is—by sharing a genuinely good time, you'll be better off than your roommate. You'll be the man. He'll still be the guy pretending to be the man. 

GOOD CHEER

There's a lot to be said for last-minute shopping when you skip the mayhem at the mall and go for holiday hooch. A good bottle of booze will lift anyone's spirits.

By Deirdre Goldbeck



There's always something worth celebrating—like that year-end bonus you weren't expecting, or your new squeeze who just seems to get you, or the upcoming New Year with your new and improved list of resolutions. Saying cheers with **G.H. Mumm Cordon Rouge** (750ml/\$60) makes any toast memorable. And its bright, citrusy notes pair perfectly with meat, fish, and fowl—or anything else on the menu.



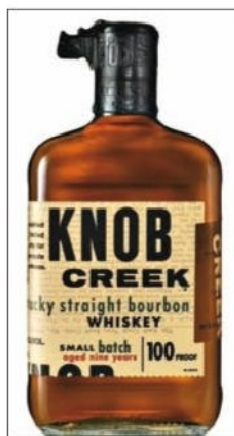
The **TY KU Sake Sampler** (\$35) includes a trio of 330ml bottles: rich and silky Black with hints of peach and vanilla, fresh and smooth Silver with subtle pear notes, and creamy Coconut. Each one can be sipped as is or used as an ingredient in a mixed drink, but either way, chill first for optimum flavor.



Hornitos Black Barrel (750ml/\$30) puts a new twist on the typical gift of tequila. It's triple aged—12 months in American oak, four months in charred barrels, then finished in specially toasted barrels for two months—resulting in a whiskeylike spirit. And the edgy matte-black bottle will look good on your bar.



Put an end to Dad's regifting with the **Basil Hayden + Quoddy Limited Edition Gift Set** (\$400). Each one includes a 750ml bottle of bourbon, four rocks glasses with Horween leather sleeves in a case of the same leather, and a pair of custom-made leather shoes from Quoddy. Only 100 of these sets will be made, and orders take six to eight weeks to fill. They can be purchased exclusively at Huckberry.com/Store/Shop/Basil-Haydens-Holiday-Shop.



Another bourbon that's worthy of consideration is **Knob Creek** (750ml/\$31). Small-batch production and quality have always been Booker Noe's objective. The Kentucky spirit is placed only in deep-charred American oak, aged nine years, and bottled at 100 proof—the brand's standard prior to Prohibition.



The people at **Crown Royal** know that classic cocktails like the Manhattan and the Old Fashioned never go out of style. The Canadian brand's newest release, **Northern Harvest Rye** (750ml/\$30), is a blended whisky with a smooth, spicy profile that will inspire anyone to mix up traditional cocktails.



When it comes to Scotch, individual preferences can vary. But a bottle of **The Macallan Rare Cask** (750ml/\$300) will appeal to even the most discerning palate. The single-malt is aged for 18 months in handpicked Spanish oak casks formerly used to house dry sherry. Deep, rich flavor and a vibrant ruby-red color make this a top choice for your boss. And the first annual limited-edition Rare Cask Bottle Stopper designed by Felicia Ferrone is a nice touch.



Elit by **Stolichnaya** (750ml/\$69) is offering custom engraving for the holidays. The high-quality vodka can be ordered at ReserveBar.com. Just type in your message and the finished product will be shipped in a limited-edition gift box. Anything that involves engraving automatically makes an impression.



Two years ago, **Johnnie Walker Platinum Label** (750ml/\$110) became the newest edition to the brand's stable. The 18-year-old Scotch—originally created for exclusive and private gatherings—is crafted from both single-malt and grain whiskeys and blended to produce a delicate spirit with a sweet taste and strains of Islay smokiness. Served simply neat or with a bit of distilled water to release its unique characteristics, it's as elegant and refined as the rare, precious metal of the same name.



The avid gin fan will appreciate a bottle of **Tanqueray London Dry** (750ml/\$33). Handpicked botanicals and a quadruple-distillation process make this the perfect choice for a Martini or a Gin and Tonic. Historically, this spirit has been used as a medicinal remedy for various ailments, but it's best utilized for that late-afternoon cocktail.




There are probably as many ladies in your life as there are **Baileys** flavors. Start with **Original Irish Cream** (750ml/\$21), a favorite for your favorite. It's great in a cocktail, but also partners well with coffee and hot chocolate. The Baileys family includes **Chocolate Cherry**, **Salted Caramel**, **Vanilla Cinnamon**, and the newest addition, **Espresso Crème**. See how easy that was?



Gran Reserva Maestro de Ron (750ml/\$25) from **Bacardí** is a super-premium rum created as a tribute to the master blenders who keep the company's rum-producing process under wraps. What we do know is that the recipe employs double-aging—a blend of white rums aged at least one year, and a three-month rest in white-oak barrels—and it will elevate any rum cocktail.



The makers of **Diplomático Reserva Exclusiva** (750ml/\$40) in Venezuela use both traditional and modern methods to produce this smooth-tasting sipping rum. Pure sugarcane honey, copper pot stills, small oak casks, and a blend of dark and light rums help make this worthy of your best whiskey glasses. You won't even think of using it in a cocktail. 

CHEERS FOR BEER

Anytime is a good time for beer, so we've rounded up several choice ale-related items to take your mind off the upcoming winter. Let it snow.

By Deirdre Goldbeck



■ Craft BrewMax 2G Kit

MrBeer.com • \$90

This kit has everything you'll need to make your own beer, including a two-gallon fermenter, bottles, caps, labels, yeast brewing extract, and a how-to DVD. The set-up process takes just 30 minutes; four weeks later you've got beer that you made with your own talented hands. And your girlfriend says you lack ambition. Tell her you were just waiting for the right motivation.



■ Samuel Adams Perfect Pint glass

Metrokane.com • \$10

There's a reason why you don't have matching glasses in your kitchen. We understand. Glasses break. But that's no reason to drink directly from your growler. Have a little class. The Perfect Pint has a satiny stainless-steel finish, holds 16 ounces of that special beer you love, and fits in your hand perfectly.



■ Vacuum growler

Stanley-PMI.com • \$50

There are more growlers on the market today than ever, due to the ever-reigning popularity of

craft beer, but why not go with a name you can depend on? This two-quart growler is crafted of rustproof stainless steel, BPA-free, and insulated—so your beer stays cold for 24 hours. It's leakproof and has a sturdy, fixed handle for easy pouring. And it comes in the classic Hammertone Green or Hammertone Navy.



■ ManCan 128

ManCan.Beer • \$195


Meet the newest member of your crew. ManCan 128 can hang whether you're

tailgating, camping, or partying in your backyard. The stainless-steel dispenser will hold a full gallon of your favorite craft beer and retain its integrity for weeks. Plus, it fits on the door of your fridge like it was meant to be there. Consider it the cool alternative to a growler—because it's always good to have options.



■ Rabbit freezable beer glass

Metrokane.com • \$35 for a set of two

It happens. You just finished the last cold beer and that six-pack you meant to put in the fridge is sitting on the floor, mocking you. If only you had a chilled glass like this one. It's like magic, but not quite. The tumbler's double walls are filled with a food-safe liquid that will chill when you place it in your freezer. When you're ready to use it, the silicone base keeps your fingers from getting numb. A set of these will do wonders to alleviate the disappointment that comes from having to suck down warm suds. 



■ Craft Beer playing cards

BicycleCards.com • \$4 per pack

On game night, you could use that same well-used (i.e., worn) deck with the flying insect on it. Or switch up your game with Craft Beer cards. The deck is dedicated to American breweries, and showcases a different company's logo, city, and state on the face of each card. They'll make the game fun, and might even serve as inspiration when you plan your next road trip.

Sweet Romance

Personalized Diamond Ring

Free
Personalization



A Delectable Display of
24 GENUINE
DIAMONDS

12 Mocha Diamonds
and 12 White Diamonds

Your Two Names
Engraved Together

Hand-crafted in Solid Sterling
Silver with 18K Gold Plating

Engraved with
"Love Keeps us Together"

A Dazzling
and Romantic
Treat

make the
holidays
sparkle

Guaranteed Christmas Delivery
www.bradfordexchange.com/21820
or call 1-866-768-6517



Nothing is as sweet as when love brings two people together. So indulge in romance with a treat inspired by a classic box of chocolates and sparkling with gorgeous mocha and white diamonds.

Expertly hand-crafted of solid sterling silver, our "Together in Love" Personalized Diamond Ring features intertwining bands plated in 18K gold. One band glitters with a dozen mocha diamonds and one band sparkles with a dozen white diamonds—for a total of 24 genuine diamonds in all! The ring is elegantly engraved with your two names, while the inside is engraved with the sentiment "Love Keeps us Together"

**Not Available in Stores—
Order Now!**

An outstanding value at \$179, the ring is payable in 5 easy installments of \$35.80 and backed by our 120-day unconditional guarantee. It arrives, along with a Certificate of Authenticity, in a custom case and gift box. To reserve, send no money now; just mail the Reservation Application. You won't find this exclusive ring anywhere else. So don't miss out—order yours today!

www.bradfordexchange.com/21820

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LIMITED TIME OFFER

Reservations will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis. So please respond as soon as possible to reserve your ring.



We must receive your initial payment by 12/14/15 to guarantee Christmas delivery. Call 1-866-768-6517 or visit www.bradfordexchange.com/21820

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
To assure a proper fit, a ring sizer will be sent to you after your reservation has been accepted.

*Plus \$9.98 shipping and service. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW

THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
JEWELRY

P.O. Box 806, Morton Grove, IL 60053-0806

YES. Please reserve the "Together in Love" Personalized Diamond Ring for me as described in this announcement, personalized with the two names indicated below.

Ring size _____ (if known)

Name #1

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Name #2

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Mrs. Mr. Ms.

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

E-Mail (Optional)

01-21820-001-E49301

WE GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO WINE ABOUT

A bottle of red, a bottle of white....
We have half a dozen reasons to get tipsy tonight.

It's hard to imagine trying to impress a date with a romantic dinner without serving a bottle of wine, but choosing a good one is so daunting, it makes dating look easy. Sweet or dry? Light or rich? Fruity or oaky? You could spend hours wandering the wine aisles, trying to make sense of the baffling descriptions, many of which are a list of random things you would never put in your mouth. "Hints of saddle leather with a bright mouthfeel and the aroma of fresh-cut grass"? Okay, great. Thanks for that.

We wanted to simplify the selection process. And while the idea of sampling a few thousand bottles of wine in the name of research was *really* tempting, we decided it would be more effective to enlist the industry's top experts, grow our own grapes, and skip all the pomp and pretention. The result: Penthouse Wine Estates, a world-class collaboration between legendary viticulturists John Crossland of Paso Robles, California, and Randal Tomich of South Australia. With their expertise, we've created six smooth options for your sipping pleasure. No stress, no snobbishness—just a solid lineup of wines you can pop open with confidence. For more information, go to PenthouseWine.com.



■ 2013 Penthouse Merlot

This vintage was grown during a mild summer in central California and matured for 18 months in a combination of French and American oak, which produced a crisp wine with a bold mix of mulberry and plum flavors and hints of pepper, spice, and chocolate.

Pair it with: roast beef or barbecue.

■ 2013 Penthouse Pinot Noir

Pinot Noir is a tough grape to grow, but we love a challenge. Ideal weather during the ripening period of this vintage gave it a vibrant palate of dark berries and dry herbs, and the tantalizing cherry aroma makes it the perfect choice for a sexy night in.

Pair it with: poultry, prosciutto, or game.

■ 2013 Penthouse Cabernet Sauvignon

Nothing about this wine is average. It was grown during an idyllic season in central California, and it's a deep-red reserve with intense aromas of dark cherry and rhubarb, and a rich palate of dark berry, plum, spice, and oak. This is a vintage that truly gets better with age.

Pair it with: roasted duck, hearty veal, venison, or rabbit.

■ 2013 Sauvignon Blanc

This citrusy white was grown during a dry summer, handpicked at dawn, fermented clean, and blended for consistency. With hints of tropical fruit and a crisp finish, it's a refreshing Australian wine that's meant to be enjoyed now.

Pair it with: seafood. Or just sip it chilled on a warm night.

■ "The Blonde" Sparkling White Wine

This blend of 35 percent Chardonnay and 65 percent Pinot Noir—made from grapes grown on 322 acres in Australia's Adelaide Hills—is intense and fruity. We've always been suckers for blondes, and this sparkling wine, with its peachy aroma and creamy palate, is no exception.

Pair it with: oysters, delicate fish, or fruit.

■ "The Scarlet" Sparkling Shiraz

This ruby-red Australian wine is a mix of Shiraz aged in old French oak barrels and a younger vintage that adds ripe, juicy flavors. The lush blend's blackberry-and-pepper aroma makes it enjoyable even before you take your first sip.

Pair it with: pork, turkey, or any big celebration. 🍷

SKETCHY TRUTHS

BY PELNYC



Holiday Cheer!

PENTHOUSE
WORLD CLASS SPIRITS



PREMIUM, SIX TIMES DISTILLED

VODKA

PENTHOUSE
WORLD CLASS SPIRITS



AGED 3 YEARS IN WHITE OAK BARRELS

CANADIAN
WHISKY

PRODUCT OF CANADA
40% (80 PROOF) 750ML

PENTHOUSE
WORLD CLASS SPIRITS



WHISKEY
TEQUILA
Fusion

IMPORTED BY
HOLLAND
TEQUILA
750ML

*Drink
Sexy!*

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www.penthousespirits.com



RISK's Wild Style

This month's celebrity art director is Kelly Graval, aka the graffiti artist RISK, who used his street-art aesthetic to enhance the beauty of smoking-hot girls.

Photographs by Tommy O.
Interview by Raphie Aronowitz

For more than three decades, RISK has been making his mark—literally—on Southern California. He's long since parlayed that into a career in fine art, and that aspect of his life is reaching a new peak with the opening of his Buckshot Art Gallery in Santa Monica. The exhibition space features urban art as well as fine art; the first show, which opened on October 17, consists of photographs from renowned artists as well as painted skulls.

For Pop Shots, RISK cast Brandy Aniston, Mia Malkova, Jessa Rhodes, and Penthouse Pet Courtney Taylor. Then he selected the perfect backdrop for the models: his own paintings. After that, it all came together quickly, and with absolutely gorgeous results.





You've accomplished so many different things in your career. How would you describe yourself?

I'm an artist. I've been doing graffiti for 33 years, or something like that. As much as I love graffiti, it's just one genre in my life's work. I'm one of those dudes who's like, "Graffiti will never die," but it's not all about graffiti. To me, it's all about art. And I was lucky enough to help pioneer this art form on the West Coast and try to make it a household name. I'm very proud of that and I love it.

How is it that a surfer kid in Los Angeles got involved with graffiti?

I was a problem child who was surfing and skipping school. When I did go to school, I was drawing waves on my desk and writing "wipeout" and stuff like that. Some kid transferred from New York, and he was like, "Hey, what do you write?" I didn't know what the fuck that meant. *What do I write? What the fuck are you talking about?* He goes, "What's your tag?" And he taught me the whole subculture. He showed me pictures of trains. That shit was dope.

That day I stole two cans of red and two cans of white from some hardware store and went back to the school. I remember sitting there, waiting for it to get dark. Finally, when it wasn't even dark yet, it was dusk, I was like, "Fuck it." I jumped the fence and did this big piece. In my mind, I had visions of this awesome fucking piece, but when it was done it was so bad. It was terrible. But the next day, when everyone came to school, they had never seen anything all filled in like that, and kids were like, "That's cool." I kept going and going, and got a little better, and then I really started to seek out New York graffiti.

Of course it was terrible. You were using stock caps on the paint cans.

Oh, for sure. For years, even when I was doing pieces that I considered to be pretty good, I was using stock caps. And I'm glad I learned to paint like that. You can give me a can with a fucked-up cap and I'll make it work because I had to adapt. I think that's what old-school writers did. We adapted. Nowadays, there's something like 27 different caps. Some of these kids know how to use all of them. That's too much fucking work, man. I use the fattest and the skinniest, and that's it. I use two caps. If you can't do the job with those two caps, then you just can't do the job.





Did you start out writing "RISK"?

I was this surfer kid who adopted the tag name "Surf," and I was doing New York-style graffiti in L.A. My style is very derivative of New York because that's the only reference I had. It's kind of funny that I'm considered this West Coast pioneer, because my style is very New York.

Why did you change from Surf to RISK?

I went to a bussing high school. Everyone was bussed in. It was a school in West Los Angeles, and I was one of three dudes in the school who surfed. The white dudes were definitely the minority; there were only about 100 of us in a school of about 5,000. I stood out, and it was pretty easy to figure out who was writing "Surf" all over the walls. Probably that white dude over there who surfs, you know?

And who has paint all over his hands.

Yeah. And who draws all over his desk. So they came after me. I thought I was pretty slick, too. I had a fake name: Cajun. I wrote it in my locker and in my books. Just enough so I wouldn't get in that much trouble. When they'd come after me and ask if I was Surf, I would say, "Aw, man, I wish I was that dude. That dude's up! I'm Cajun." And they'd search my books and they'd see Cajun. But they knew. They were onto me. One day I got caught "bombing" the school, but they couldn't prove it. I had to change my name.

You got caught but they couldn't prove it?

Detectives came to my house. We were eating dinner. They were like, "We've got photos of you." Well, let me see the photo. And they show me a photo of the back of me painting the front doors of the high school. They were like, "Just admit it. We'll let you guys finish your dinner. You'll do some community service and be done with it. But if you don't admit it, then you're going to jail."

You're going to artist jail for high school kids.

Yeah. And my dad was like, "Just tell them it was you and let's get this over with." I told my dad that it wasn't me. And I knew they couldn't prove it. I didn't admit to it, and the detectives said they'd see me in court, but they never called. And then I knew the game. I changed my name to RISK, and I got a lot bolder. I started killing the shit. I was breaking into schools





Clockwise from left: Jessa Rhodes, Courtney Taylor, Mia Malkova, and Brandy Aniston

to do pieces. I was doing overpasses. I was doing trains. And I knew I wasn't going to get caught because they couldn't even prove that the long-haired surfer kid was Surf.

You never got caught?

Well, I got busted many times, but I never had any of the charges stick.

Did you ever think you would transition from graffiti to fine art?

One hundred percent. People ask me that all the time. Yeah, I did. Everyone expects you to say that you never thought it would happen, but I completely thought this would happen. I mean, I've dedicated my life to this. I wouldn't have if I didn't think I could make something of it, you know? I always believed in this.

But did you ever think graffiti was going to lead to directing a *Penthouse* photo shoot?

Ha. No.... Well, I've got to say yeah, and you know why? When you want something long enough, everything happens. And this is something that I wanted. When I got the phone call I was like, "Dope!"

Do you have a pretty clear vision of what makes a girl hot?

Besides the typical bombshell-type girl that I like, it's the way that they hold themselves. The way that they carry themselves. Self-esteem. Being secure. Pride in themselves. The whole package.

How do you represent your ideal woman in a medium where it's difficult to convey the whole package?

It was easy, because my ideal woman is my wife. She is the epitome of the ultimate female to me. So when I was doing this shoot, I wasn't trying to pick a chick who looked like my wife. I picked someone who was the quintessential centerfold instead. I picked a California lifestyle: blonde hair, big tits. That's what I thought the shoot should be. It's not necessarily my ideal girl, but it's my ideal girl for this shoot.

I get it. But choosing a California girl still speaks to some type of real, natural attraction of yours. What is it about the California girl?

Well, when I reached puberty and had my first sexual experiences, that's who I grew up idolizing. I'd be on the beach, and there were chicks in bikinis running around. You know, the first





one always makes the impression no matter what it is. The first time you have some food that you love. That becomes your favorite food. And this was the first to me, the first stroking material, that blonde chick. That was the one. The whole California dreaming was romantic to me. California life-style has always been a huge part of everything I do. People think that I'm stuck in the eighties. I'm not so much stuck in the eighties as I'm stuck in the California lifestyle.

With the 1980s representing the hey-day of that lifestyle.

Yeah.

As someone who communicates with paint, was it a stretch trying to communicate with photographs?

I completely overthought it in the beginning. I started thinking about all this complex stuff, like, *I'm going to make letters out of the girls' bodies* and *I'm going to do chalk outlines on the ground* and all this shit. And literally right before the shoot I'm like, *What am I doing? This is so not organic. This is so not refined.* To me, it's just my artwork in *Penthouse* with beautiful girls in front of it. So now you have the California lifestyle, and I got my artwork, and I threw some art supplies down and said, "Go with it." It was superorganic and simple.

Do you have a favorite setup or shot?

The four girls in front of the "RISK" piece might be my favorite, because there was a girl for each letter and it glorified the piece so much. But I can't say I have a favorite, because the shots with the girls down in the basement, I thought those were really cool. For the epitome of what a *Penthouse* shoot should look like, I thought they nailed it. I'm also excited to see the ones with the girls in the cubes.

What was up with putting the girls in the box?

They're supposed to be an object of beauty, a piece of art in the box. That's it. The girl is the piece of art. And I put that in front of my art.

Framing that perfect California girl and showcasing her in front of your older, Wildstyle art?

Yeah, I felt like that was important. I had to take it back to the girl and to the era that was the most exciting. That was the time I most wanted to be in a magazine like this, when I was out there writing "RISK."







SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS AT PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM.

WE COOL THE YULE GUIDE

Let's avoid that phony smile when you get yet another gift that you'll never use in this lifetime. This year, keep it real and don't be afraid to ask for what you want.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

HANDS ON At home or on the road, be ready for any contingency.



■ **The Garage Light**

BigAssSolutions.com
• \$400

When you need to shed some light on the subject—or project—*The Garage Light* is the perfect overhead fixture for any attic, basement, workshop, or, of course, garage. It produces a level of light equal to that of 16 60-watt incandescent bulbs, and, according to the manufacturer, it's tough enough to withstand getting run over by your pickup. Not that you'd *try* to turn it into roadkill, but it's good to know.

OVER AND UNDER

We're in for another cold winter and above-average snowfall—so sayeth *The Old Farmer's Almanac*.



■ Mount Tallac jacket

NuDown.com • \$800

This winter's impending chill is why this jacket should be on your gift list. NuDown's patented pump-technology system—a pocket-size hand pump that lets the wearer pump air into the welded chambers inside the jacket—will insulate you against the cold. The more you pump, the warmer you'll be. The release valve lets out air when you need to cool down. A removable hood, fully taped seams, and a water-resistant rubberized zipper help keep you dry. Sizes range from small to extra large.



■ HeatTouch Hyperlite all-weather gloves

Seirus.com • \$300

It may be ten degrees out, but you still have to check texts and emails. All. The. Time. That said, you'll need a pair of superwarm gloves or your digits could require medical attention. Heat-Touch Hyperlite gloves have three different settings with a color-coded light indicator for heat level and duration: low (green) for six-plus hours; medium (yellow) for four-plus hours; high (red) for two-plus hours. Batteries and charger are included. Sizes range from small/medium to extra large.



■ Monty Hi boot

RidgemontOutfitters.com • \$100

When that snowfall hits, you'll need boots that provide traction and ankle support. There are a lot of good options from Teva, Timberland, Keen, etc., but if you're looking for something new, try the Monty. The boot was designed to be durable and offer the technical aspects you need while hiking, but still look good as street wear. The upper is made of oiled suede and high-grade nylon, and the mid-sole has a heel stabilizer for balance.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*



■ Weekday First Layer long johns

MyPackage.com • Bootcut: \$50; full-length: \$55

When you dress for winter, start with the basics, like a good pair of long johns. The Weekday First Layer series is designed for the ultimate experience in warmth and comfort. They're 90 percent Modal and five percent spandex for great breathability and moisture absorbency, and a snug fit. And most important, the Keyhole Comfort Technology—a three-dimensional pouch—provides both freedom and support for your junk. Sizes up to XXL.

FINISHING TOUCH

It's all about the end product, so don't neglect the details.



■ Watch Urbane

LG.com • \$350

Who says a watch can't have both a classic look and modern functionality? The Urbane seamlessly combines both style and tech. The stainless-steel case is water- and dust-resistant and comes in a gold or silver finish, and you can customize the look of the face with a swipe of your finger or by swapping out the band. Say "Okay Google" to send texts or request navigation help.



■ Clayton sunglasses

SmithOptics.com • \$209

You'll need a nice pair of shades to cut down on the glare after all that snow settles. The Clayton sunglasses not only look cool, but you have the option of selecting the ChromaPop polarized lenses for great clarity—the better to see those vivid colors your gorgeous neighbor is always rocking.



■ The Art of Shaving full-size kit

Amazon.com • \$120

Shaving can be an art. Or it can be an exercise in how to strategically use a styptic pencil. This kit includes the "four essentials of a perfect shave," according to the Art of Shaving: two ounces of pre-shave oil, five ounces of shaving cream, a pure badger-fur shaving brush, and 3.3 ounces of after-shave balm. All products contain skin-soothing sandalwood essential oil. Guys, there's nothing wrong with pampering your hide.

DOMAIN

Eat, drink, and be merry, all the time.



■ On-the-Go coffeemaker

Capresso.com • \$50

We've all had those mornings where you hit the snooze button one time too many, and next thing you know you're scrambling to get ready for work. But you still need that morning cup of java. Capresso's compact coffeemaker will brew 16 ounces of coffee—enough to fill the thermal travel tumbler—in less than four minutes. Start your coffee and it'll be done when you're ready to leave. It uses ground coffee or pre-packaged pods, and it shuts off automatically after brewing. It's all you'll need to get going in the morning.



■ Cold Brew coffeemaker

Oxo.com • \$50

There's been lots of buzz about cold-brew coffee lately, so all the usual suspects now offer cups of the popular beverage at prices that can make you cringe. But you can enjoy the smoother, less bitter version in your own home. Just add grounds and cold water to Oxo's Cold Brew to make the coffee concentrate. When the process is complete, add ice and water for iced coffee or hot water and milk for a hot cup. The concentrate will keep in the fridge for two weeks. And if tea is your thing, you can use the same process to brew cold tea.



■ Smoker 725 Deluxe

CharBroil.com • \$299

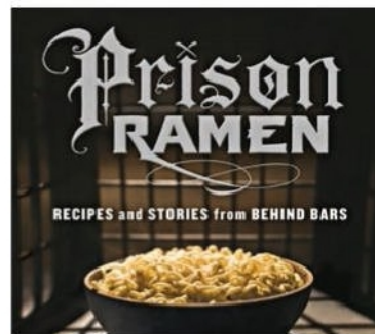
You can enjoy succulent, hickory-flavored ribs all winter, no matter what weather Mother Nature throws at you. This programmable smoker has a smart meat-temperature probe, a large wood-chip box, and four adjustable racks to smoke several meats simultaneously. The LED display is easy to read, and the auto shut-off prevents overcooking. And the remote lets you control things from the comfort of your couch.



■ Convection microwave oven

Sharp.com • \$290

Thinking about entertaining your special lady for the holidays? Sharp's convection microwave oven has a 12.75-inch carousel turntable, auto defrost, ten cooking levels, and 900 watts of power. It also has the convenience of convection cooking—that's roasting, baking, and, yes, browning—everything you'll need to tackle that holiday roast beast, with easy cleanup.



■ Prison Ramen: Recipes and Stories From Behind Bars

BarnesAndNoble.com • \$10 and change

Ramen—those inexpensive cellophane packs that contain a block of petrified noodles and a seasoning packet with questionable sodium levels. Just add hot water. These days a ramen burger will set you back ten bucks. Or, you could check out the recipes compiled by actor Clifton Collins Jr. and ex-con Gustavo "Goose" Alvarez. You'll enjoy the forward by Samuel L. Jackson, short anecdotes by Slash and Taryn Manning from *Orange Is the New Black*, and unique recipes like "Machete Ramen" by Danny Trejo or "Hit Man Burritos." Hey, it might even inspire you to create your own ramen dish.



■ Wagyu Holiday Gift Set

LoneMountainWagyu.com • \$260

When was the last time you had really good steak? Well, you don't have to go to a five-star restaurant to get one. Treat yourself to two eight-ounce filet mignons and two 16-ounce boneless rib-eye steaks. We're talking 100 percent full-blood Wagyu, melt-in-your-mouth, tender steaks with no hormones or antibiotics added, and they've been DNA-certified for authenticity to pure Japanese roots. When these babies are delivered to your home, you won't mind dining alone. Sharing is not an option.

DOWNTIME

All work and no play makes you boring, dude.



■ NFL Throwback Collection

Zippo.com • \$28

You're a football fan, so these make perfect sense. These limited-edition windproof lighters feature the retro logos of the New York Jets, the San Francisco 49ers, the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Green Bay Packers, and the New England Patriots. Get them all, or just your favorite teams. While they don't do anything besides light up, they're cool to collect or share with friends.



■ Marbles Deluxe Quoridor

MarblesTheBrainStore.com • \$70

Marbles specializes in "certifiably fun ways to build a better brain." Quoridor challenges you to get your pawn to the other side of the board before your opponent reaches your side. You're each given ten gates that can be strategically used to hinder the other player's progress. The game is designed to improve problem-solving by challenging the frontal cortex. Think of it as a fun way to exercise your brain.



■ Party Mixer with speakers

LavaLamp.com • \$77

It's time to take a trip back to the sixties and celebrate the iconic Lava Lamp. There are more than 60 types to choose from, including several from the 50th-anniversary collection. But check out this version: It has Bluetooth capability, so just plug it in, enable Bluetooth with your phone, tablet, or other device, and you'll have the option of playing your jams with or without the LED light show, and with the beat or at random. Why do you need one? Because there's a little party animal in all of us, and you know you want to get your groove on.



■ Atomic Blazer air-hockey table

EscaladeSports.com • \$700

If you're outfitting your man cave, you'll want this 84-inch game. It has a glossy PVC-laminated playbed, medium-density fiberboard rails and aprons, a heavy-duty 120-volt blower motor, flip-up electronic scoring, and six-inch pedestal-style legs and leg levelers; it comes with four black strikers and four black three-inch pucks. It can also accommodate a table-tennis conversion top, which is available on the site. Game on, guy.

■ Border X skateboard

MaverixUSA.com • \$750

It's time to take your boarding up a notch. The Border X has dirt bike-style 9.8-inch tires that allow you to ride on dirt, sand, and gravel, as well as on the road. The 800-watt engine has three speeds that are controlled by a switch, maxing out at about 19 miles per hour. And at 46 inches and 70 pounds, hauling it around is almost a workout. —B.R.T.

THE FUN PAGE

BY TODD FRANCIS



GEEK GIFTS

These days, geeks are all about showing their pride. Help out the ones in your life by supporting their habits.

By Kara Wahlgren and Barbara Rice Thompson

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY



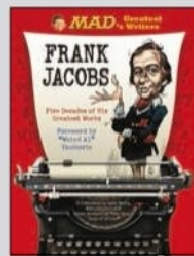
Risk: Game of Thrones Edition **Clue: Penny Dreadful Edition**

USAopoly • Risk: \$75; Clue: \$40

The company that gave us all those [your city here] versions of Monopoly has been branching out for a while now, with *Halo*, *The Walking Dead*, *Star Wars*, *The Lord of the Rings*, and Marvel Cinematic Universe editions of games (and that's not even a complete list). Now these TV-inspired games will help stave off withdrawal while you wait for *GoT* and *Penny Dreadful* to return. Risk offers three ways to play: Two people can battle in Essos, three to five can engage in the War of Five Kings with the Westeros map, and up to seven players can combine the maps for a fight of all seven houses. There are player boards and character cards to figure out, plus Territory, Maester, and Objective cards; gold dragon coins; special unit tokens; and nine dice. We're thinking it might be too complicated for a drinking game—at first.

In Clue, you'll solve the murder of Mina Murray in Victorian London. There are show-specific locations and weapons; personality cards that give each character an ability that can be used to sabotage other players; and an Intrigue deck with action and tarot cards. Get ready to hear, "It was Victor Frankenstein in Dorian Gray's mansion with the sword cane."

PAGE TURNERS



MAD's Greatest Writers: Frank Jacobs

Running Press
• \$30 (CHEAP!)

Fans of the venerable humor magazine will love this retrospective of the man *MAD* calls its "poet laureate." Jacobs has written for the mag for more than 50 years, and this book compiles his best work—and adds a foreword by longtime *MAD* groupie "Weird Al" Yankovic. Additional volumes are in the works, but as of press time, details about which writer is up next were unavailable.



LEGO Star Wars: Small Scenes From a Big Galaxy

DK Publishing • \$25

Two of our childhood icons unite in this awesome coffee-table book from Finnish photographer Vesa Lehtimäki, who painstakingly re-created classic *Star Wars* action scenes using the beloved building blocks. Grab a copy for anyone who understands that LEGOs are not just a toy, but a goddamn *art form*.

THE TRUTH IS IN THERE SOMEWHERE



The X-Files: The Collector's Set **20th Century Fox • \$225**

This comprehensive set is perfect for any science-fiction fan, since odds are pretty good that he or she was into the show for at least a season or two, and the series is getting the high-definition, Blu-ray treatment for the first time. The set includes all nine seasons of the now-classic series, along with all the deleted scenes, documentaries, and featurettes a fanboy or -girl could desire. You've probably got someone in your life who's counting the minutes until January's six-episode event—and, yes, there's an empty spot in the box so it can be added later. Still, you'd think they could have found a way to include the movies, too.



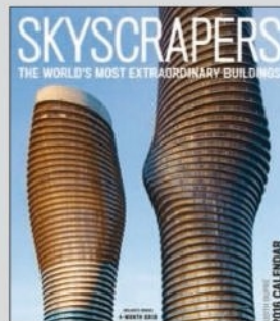
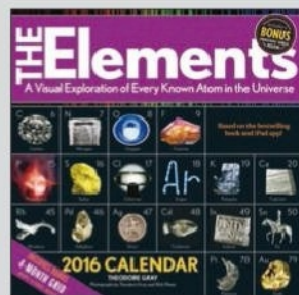
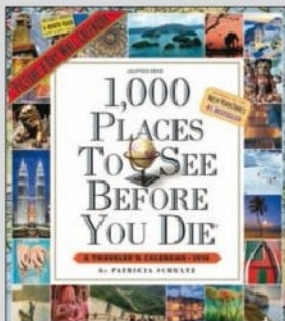
STATUESQUE SIRENS

Batwoman/The Joker and Harley Quinn/Catwoman

DC Collectibles • Batwoman: \$100; the Joker and Harley Quinn: \$250; Catwoman: \$125

The combination punch of comic-book heroines and classic-pinup style of the DC Bombshells has been a winning formula for a few years now. The latest offerings just make our affection for the product line grow stronger. Kate Kane, aka Batwoman, rocks her forties-era baseball uniform for the Gotham Knights, while Selina Kyle, aka Catwoman, reinvents the sexy smart girl, with absolutely stunning results. As for Harley Quinn, well, we can only assume she got tired of waiting for the Joker to make a move.

SAVE THE DATE



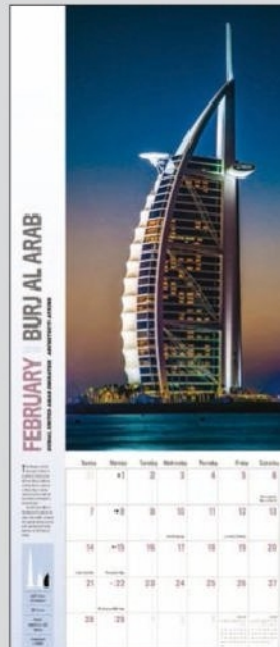
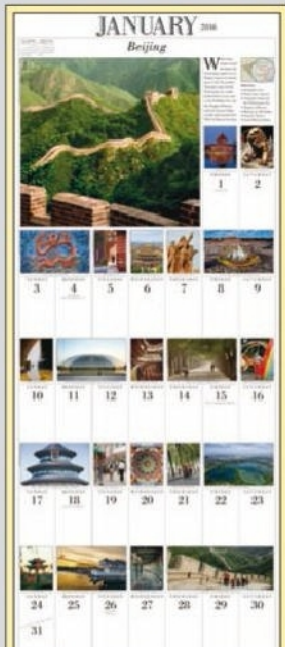
2016 Wall Calendars

Workman Publishing • \$14 each

Now might be a good time to renew your passport. The *1,000 Places to See Before You Die* calendar is basically a bucket list in and of itself, with daily glimpses at the coolest destinations on earth. From local road trips to the French coastline, there's plenty of inspiration for vacations. It also comes in a page-a-day version, in case you know someone who would actually map out their trip around the world.

The periodic table bares all in *The Elements* calendar, with 12 elements stripped down to their purest forms and photographed up-close and personal. Each page also features factoids on the element's history, uses, and compounds, making this the perfect stocking stuffer for the science geek in your life.

Sometimes size *does* matter! *Skyscrapers* highlights the tallest and most innovative towers in the world. If you know someone who geeks out over architecture, this will give them all the glass-and-steel eye candy they can handle, along with informative captions to help them sound as if they know their shit.



HAVE AN UGLY CHRISTMAS



“Suck It” and Deadpool sweaters Sequined blazers

UglyChristmasSweater.com • Sweaters: \$50; jackets: \$65

Okay, these aren't all for pop-culture freaks, but they're still great gifts. The Deadpool sweater lets its wearer set him- or herself apart from all those hipsters. Or, if you just *can't even* with Christmas spirit anymore, the straightforward “Suck It” sweater will tell your friends and loved ones where they can shove their holiday cheer. And thanks to the scratch-and-sniff candy-cane design, you'll smell minty fresh while you're channeling your inner Grinch.

Or maybe you got suckered into attending a stuffy cocktail party. Take the ugly-sweater trend to new heights by ditching the boring sport coat and donning a sparkly jacket instead. There are half a dozen options available, but we like the festive reindeer caught in compromising positions. They might land you a permanent spot on the naughty list, but it'll be worth it.

GANJA GIFTS

Three pot presents that are legal in all 50 states. • By David Bienenstock

Naturally, the ideal gift for the discriminating cannabis enthusiast on your seasonal shopping list would be an ounce of OG Kush, Sour Diesel, Granddaddy Purple, or some other top-shelf weed strain. Depending on where you live, however, that might not be a possibility, particularly if you're planning to ship your gift across state lines. Don't let that stop you from showing that special stoned someone in your life that you approve of their herbal inclinations. Just keep in mind that marijuana legalization is profoundly changing the way the world perceives pot smokers. Your gift should reflect this paradigm shift. Forget about garish T-shirts, and look for something personal, stylish, and representative of authentic cannabis culture.



Huf socks

HufWorldwide.com • \$14 a pair

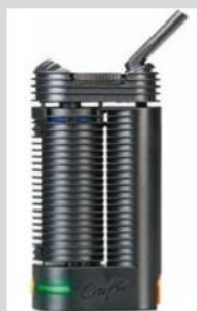
There's nothing wrong with wearing your love for Mary Jane on your sleeve, but there's just something a bit more sophisticated and refined about rocking a pair of weed-leaf-adorned Huf socks. They're available in a wide array of colors and styles, from punk to dress socks. They've gone way beyond being a staple of the skate-park and hip-hop scenes, becoming a fashion statement among pot-friendly celebrities and weed-industry players. Best of all, if you hang one by the chimney with care, old Saint Nick just might leave some hydroponically grown Christmas “trees.”

Mendocino Mulcher

MendoMulchers.com


• \$45 to \$70

This company has been locally owned and operated in Mendocino County, one of California's top marijuana-growing centers, since 1998. It has deep roots and serious street cred in marijuana culture, because the company makes a product that's truly a life changer for those who smoke pot daily. Mulcher grinders, which are manufactured locally from high-grade aluminum (and “shipped discreetly” via the U.S. Postal Service), boast twice the teeth of a typical herb grinder, with each tooth specially curved to prevent chunks of weed from getting stuck in the gears of the machine. The higher-end models that we recommend have built-in screens so they catch all the potent resin that's knocked off buds during the grinding process.



Crafty vaporizer

Storz-Bickel.com • \$340

The team of German engineers behind the legendary Volcano vaporizer presents the company's first truly portable model. The Crafty is a high-end piece of equipment—and priced accordingly—that was designed to bring both cannabis flowers (buds) and concentrates to the precise temperatures that are optimal for producing the purest vapor. Through a mix of conductive and convective heat, the herbs or oils inside the Crafty rise to a point where they release their active ingredients as a fine mist without combusting into smoke. The vapor moves through a cooling unit and is inhaled through a sturdy swiveling straw, providing a consistent delivery of tasty, high-potency vapor in an easily controlled dose. The Crafty has excellent battery life with a rechargeable lithium-ion battery, is a lot more intuitive to use than the competition, and is built to last from high-quality materials. 



Auckland

Baton Rouge

* Chicago

Denver

Detroit

Kharkov

Moscow

New Orleans

New York

Paris

Perth

Philadelphia

Pittsburgh

* Pompano

San Francisco

St. Louis

Tampa

* Coming Soon

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HOLIDAY GAMING SURVIVAL GUIDE

The annual Armageddon of holiday releases is upon us.
Survive the assault with our breakdown of the games that are right for you.

By Crispin Boyer



LOCKED AND LOADED

Let the lead fly in these shooters of the highest caliber.

Star Wars: Battlefront

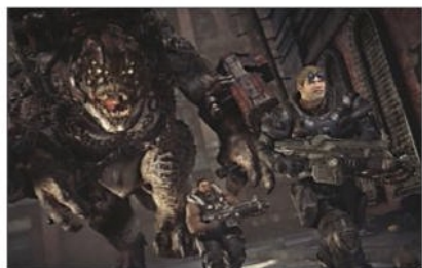
Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The good guys: The rag-tag galaxy-spanning insurgency known as the Rebellion.

The bad guys: Darth Vader, Emperor Palpatine, et al.

The gear: Blasters, proton torpedoes, thermal detonators, every vehicle you coveted as a kid.

The gist: Finally, we can all wake up from the long national nightmare of Jar Jar Binks and the *Star Wars* prequels. But this holiday's blockbuster flick is just half of the antidote. The rest comes in the form of this multiplayer shooter set in that galaxy far, far away. *Star Wars: Battlefront* lets you fight on the ground, in the air, or in deep space for either the Rebellion or the Empire in the most famous battles of the original *Star Wars* movies, spanning a dozen planets, from the wastelands of Tatooine to the ice fields of Hoth. You'll wield every weapon and pilot every vehicle—from X-Wings to Scout Walkers—in massive multiplayer battles and special cooperative missions (the game doesn't have much of a story mode). And, yes, the Force will be with you for power-up attacks.



Gears of War: Ultimate Edition

Microsoft Studios (Xbox One, PC)

The good guy: Marcus Fenix, disgraced war hero turned savior of the world.

The bad guys: The Locust Horde, nightmarish creatures that live underground.

The gear: Shotguns, pistols, chain saw-tipped machine guns, the level-clearing Hammer of Dawn.

The gist: Just when you thought your days of dismembering subterranean scum with a chain-saw bayonet were over, Microsoft calls a do-over of the original *Gears of War* trilogy. The first game has been overhauled to take full advantage of the capabilities of the Xbox One. The refreshed visuals go from badass to breathtaking—and they're not the only major renovation here. *Gears*-heads will find five new missions with more monstrous enemies, an enhanced checkpoint system, and a new co-op mode. The multiplayer option has been modernized with speedier servers, new modes, 19 multiplayer maps, and 60-frames-per-second gameplay—so you can no longer blame your losses on lag.



Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six: Siege

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The good guys: Counterterrorist operators from the Rainbow Six team of tough hombres.

The bad guys: The White Masks, an international terrorist organization.

The gear: Sundry assault weapons, drones, breaching charges, battering rams.

The gist: Your team isn't about to let a little thing like a concrete wall stop its mission of doing in evildoers in this sequel, which emphasizes the "siege" in the medieval sense of the word (players can even wield hammers and personal battering rams). Most surfaces in the game take damage and can be destroyed. Bullets turn doors into Swiss cheese. Breaching charges blow walls to smithereens. Here's a for-instance from a typical hostage-rescue mission: You and your team use drones to scope out the enemy hideout, then place charges before literally bringing down the house on the bad guys.



Halo 5: Guardians

Microsoft (Xbox One)

The good guy: Spartan Locke, a cybernetic soldier on the hunt for Master Chief.

The bad guys: Ancestral enemies the Covenant, along with a mysterious new breed of bad guy.

The gear: Futuristic hand cannons, shotguns, sniper rifles, rocket launchers—one of the largest arsenals in gaming.

The gist: Series hero Master Chief is missing in action, as is his trio of fellow Spartans in Blue Team. Hot on their tail: Spartan Locke, leading Fireteam Osiris on a manhunt across the galaxy while unraveling a mystery behind a new species of enemies. You and up to three friends can jump between the storylines in a dual campaign that harks back to the split-personality storytelling of *Halo 2*, with plenty of breaks in between for the real draw: multiplayer combat. Up to 24 players can wage war on maps that are up to four times larger than the arenas of previous games. Or stick with the Arena mode, which focuses on four-versus-four battles and classic maps from *Halo*'s bygone days.

COUPLES THERAPY

Get your girlfriend to fondle your joypad with chick-friendly games.

LEGO Dimensions

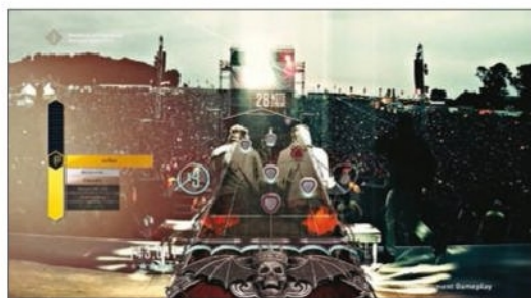
Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment
(Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U)

The good guys: A who's who of heroes, from Batman to Scooby-Doo.

The bad guys: Lord Vortech and his evil vortex, which sweeps familiar villains into the LEGO "multiverse."

The gear: LEGO sets that meld gameplay and real life while unlocking new game worlds.

The gist: This spin-off from the popular *LEGO Movie* brings characters and story mash-ups from 14 of the most popular Warner Bros. movie and game franchises, creating the ultimate gateway title for any girl whose perception of gaming is you yelling at teammates in *Call of Duty*. You can skateboard through *Jurassic World* as Bart Simpson or fight the Joker with a proton pack alongside the Ghostbusters while solving a mix of simple puzzles and mind-benders unique to each franchise. Unlock the themed levels with physical brick-building kits (which are sold separately, unfortunately), then take your characters, vehicles, and gadgets with you from world to world.



Guitar Hero Live

Activision (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U)

The good guys: You, aka the guitar god, and your lead-singer significant other (or vice versa).

The bad guys: Hecklers in the audience, sleazy managers, and greedy venue owners.

The gear: A redesigned *Guitar Hero* controller, plus unlockable fame-boosting cards and badges.

The gist: The Keith Richards of the instrument-controller genre, *Guitar Hero* rocks on with hundreds of songs—from metal to rock to country—and a new ax to grind: a sleek, six-button plastic guitar with buttons arrayed in two rows for both beginners (who use only the bottom row) and advanced shredders. The game relies on a throwback technology: full-motion video sequences. Here, the slickly produced videos re-create venues—from dive bars to festival arenas—from a first-person perspective, giving you a center-stage view of your fans and their reactions. You can play along to music videos when you get sick of life on the road.



Just Dance 2016

Ubisoft (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, Wii)

The good guy: You, for convulsing through Lady Gaga tunes for the sake of your lady.

The bad guys: Douche-bag dancers who hit on your girlfriend in the online modes.

The gear: A free controller app for your smartphone.

The gist: Chicks like to dance. It's a fact of life. In order to fulfill the needs of your lady, sometimes you're just going to have to suck it up, pause *Destiny*, and bust out your best Hammer dance. Stack your points in Dance Party mode, or work out together in the Sweat and Playlist modes. You can avoid getting tired of the tunes with the new subscription service, which promises 150 songs and regularly added content all year long. You'd better not piss off your girlfriend, though, or she just might share the mini video of your running man in the new JDTV community World Video Challenge.

ADVENTURE QUENCHERS

Expand your horizons in games that demand more than just good aim.



Rise of the Tomb Raider

Microsoft (Xbox One, Xbox 360)

The good guy girl: Lara Croft, gaming's original femme fatale.

The bad guys: Bloodthirsty wild animals and a mysterious organization known as Trinity.

The gear: Lara's trusty bow and climbing ax, plus improvised explosives and other weapons.

The gist: The 2013 reboot of the franchise raised the bar in terms of storytelling for the titular star, who shrank in the bosom but grew as a character. This follow-up restores a crucial element lost in the last game's woods: tombs worth raiding. Lara spelunks sprawling caverns and hidden cities crammed with traps and puzzles that require actual cunning rather than random item collection. In between, she'll go all "snake-eater" in the wilderness, hunting predators and taking out thugs with the sneak-and-strike guerrilla tactics that have become the new normal for this series.



Just Cause 3

Square Enix (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The good guy: Rico Rodriguez, suave secret agent turned rogue assassin.

The bad guy: General Di Ravello, a maniacal dictator bent on conquering the world.

The gear: Grappling hooks, wing suits, parachutes, rocket launchers, C-4 propane tanks, etc.

The gist: Let the *Grand Theft Auto* games focus on gritty plotlines and character development. *Just Cause* celebrates the chaos of anything-goes gameplay in a sandbox world. Your hero is equipped with a grappling gun and wing suit that, when used together properly, grant unlimited flight capabilities across a 400-square-mile banana republic full of weapons depots and oil refineries just begging to be blown up. Stealing cars, jets, helicopters, and boats is about the most boring thing you'll do here. The fun comes from grappling people to vehicles to fuel tanks, then standing back and admiring the mayhem as everything tumbles and explodes.



Assassin's Creed Syndicate

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The good guys: Jacob Frye and his twin sis, Evie—two assassins with hearts of gold.

The bad guys: Captains of industry who profit off the downtrodden in Victorian-era London.

The gear: Hidden blades, brass knuckles, a new rope launcher for scaling buildings when parkour fails.

The gist: From the Crusades to the American Revolution to the golden age of piracy, the *Assassin's Creed* games have presented a history lesson writ in blood. This latest installment's subject: the Industrial Revolution in London circa the mid-1800s, which means it has the most modern setting and weapons of any AC game to date. Players choose either the brash Jacob Frye or his silent-but-violent twin (or both simultaneously in cooperative play) on a mission to rob from the fat-cat industrialists and give to the poor workers—all while assassinating the cruelest capitalists to bend that arc of the moral universe a bit more toward justice. High concepts aside, this delivers the series' most viscerally satisfying combat as you paint London blood-red.



Elite Dangerous

Frontier Developments (Xbox One, PC)

The good guy: You, a lone starship pilot in a dangerous universe.

The bad guys: Starship pilots from other factions, controlled by real players online.

The gear: Laser cannons, Gatling guns, torpedoes, and other weapons you can mount to your hull.

The gist: The sky is not the limit in *Elite Dangerous*, a PC spaceship simulator that's finally making its debut on the consoles. The idea is simple: You start the game with a bucket-o'-bolts starship and a few bucks, then eke out a living in an accurate re-creation of our own Milky Way galaxy, complete with 400 billion stars and their moons and planets. Warp among them with your faster-than-light engine while barnstorming sunspots to scoop plasma for the next trip. You can choose a lawful career as a trader or bounty hunter, or go rogue as a pirate or smuggler—while watching your scanners for other players gunning for what's in your cargo hold.

Find an ax to grind in these roleplaying titles.

Fallout 4

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The good guy: You, the sole survivor of a community of pre-nuke preppers.

The bad guys: The mutated humans and animals of radioactive New England.

The gear: Thousands of blades, guns, bits of armor, chemical weapons, other scavenged scraps.

The gist: If any series can put a silver lining on the mushroom cloud of a nuclear apocalypse, it's the *Fallout* roleplaying games, which throw silly anything-can-happen scenarios into an open world crawling with horrifying monsters. This sequel is the largest yet, crammed with hundreds of locations, characters, quests, and factions you can join and/or pit against one another. Tweak hundreds of character-development perks to build a unique survivor—anything from a cybernetic soldier to an irresistible leader of your own settlement. A new combat system lets you blast mutants like a first-person shooter, or slow down the action for a more tactical approach to apocalyptic survival.



Might & Magic Heroes VII

Ubisoft (PC)

The good guy: You, the legendary leader bent on saving the realm.

The bad guys: Warlords of opposing factions.

The gear: Swords and sorcery, wielded by your army of wizards and warriors.

The gist: If you've never lost weeks of your life to this beloved strategy series, start your obsession with this sequel developed by hard-core fans for a new generation of heroes. Simply choose your warlord from one of six factions, then raise an army of mythological creatures to conquer a land in chaos after the assassination of its empress. Each turn-based battle plays out like a chess match, with the victor winning experience and gold to expand and improve his army. Powerful artifacts litter the land, so invest in some quest time between conquering enemy towns. The single-player campaign will take you at least three days of round-the-clock play. Multiplayer modes will enthrall you for much longer.



Dragon Quest Heroes: The World Tree's Woe and the Blight Below

Square Enix (PS4)

The good guys: The hero Luceus or the heroine Aurora, along with fan-favorite characters.

The bad guys: Swarms of formerly friendly monsters enraged by a world-rocking shockwave.

The gear: Upgradeable swords, shields, armor, and other loot, plus monsters who join your cause.

The gist: More than just genres clash in this modern take on the classic Japanese roleplaying series. It's a bit like a hyperactive *Diablo* (or Tecmo's *Dynasty Warriors* series), unleashing swarms of monsters against your lone warrior in relentless combat that you'll survive only through carefully timed combo attacks and by upgrading your weapons and abilities. As you progress through the game's world, you'll convert monsters to your side until eventually you'll command your own swarm of former enemies. Beloved characters from the *Dragon Quest* universe will join you on the battlefield. Longtime fans of the series will feel a trill of nostalgia; everyone else will just appreciate the extra help.

JOCK STARS

Unleash your armchair athlete in hard-hitting sports games.



NBA 2K16

2K Sports (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

The good guys: Every NBA hero, scanned from head to toe (previous versions only captured the faces).

The bad guys: Online opponents and their custom-made pro-amateur teams for five-on-five scratch games.

The gear: Mouth guards, sweatbands, custom haircuts, plus more than 1,500 tattoos for custom players.

The gist: This latest installment in the king of all court simulations has an unexpected tagline: "A Spike Lee Joint." The auteur wrote and directed the plot and all the off-court drama for the MyCareer mode, which features a villain for your custom star and plot twists based on your teammate connections and endorsements. If you tend to skip all that story crap, you'll find a physics system that's more realistic when players are mid-soar and when the ball hits the rim. Crowds, coaches, and cheerleaders have all been re-scanned for a boost in eye candy and halftime shows.

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 5

Activision (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3)

The good guys: Tony Hawk, Nyjah Huston, Riley Hawk, Aaron "Jaws" Homoki, and more pro skaters.

The bad guys: Gravity, the pavement, park benches, anything else that ends your combo buzz.

The gear: Custom decks, power-ups, projectile weapons for competitive play.

The gist: Lifetime fans of this series—the grandpappy of the extreme-sports genre—will experience serious déjà vu when they drop into this sequel, the first after a long hiatus. All the classic skate parks of the original games return, unchanged except for a few secret gaps and other areas. Control reverts to the classic style, perfect for linking grinds and manuals and extreme vertical acrobatics. Even the graphics are a throwback, simple yet running at an insanely smooth frame rate. The major innovation here is the online play, which packs up to 20 players into one skate park that you can create yourself in the park designer.



NHL 16

EA Sports (Xbox One, PS4)

The good guys: Every NHL team—right down to their mascots.

The bad guys: Online players for each position in six-on-six online modes.

The gear: Official stick tape, colored skate laces, tinted visors, jerseys.

The gist: Things get hairy in EA's latest entry in its venerable hockey series, which puts big focus on the little details. Along with authentic spectator chants, re-created arena props, and detailed team mascots, the game features playoff beards accurate down to growth patterns and thickness for every player zeroing in on the Stanley Cup. But maybe the revamped skating and puck-pickup controls are more your cup of Molson Golden. And keep that brew handy for the couch-cooperative mode and online-team play that puts a human player in each position.

SPEED DEMONS

Live fast, die young, and leave a beautiful chassis in these high-octane racers.



Forza Motorsport 6

Microsoft (Xbox One)

The good guys: You and your fellow speed freaks in your Forza Race League.

The bad guys: Up to 24 multiplayer opponents or their "Drivatar" clones.

The gear: The new Ford GT supercar and more than 450 "ForzaVista" autos.

The gist: There's a reason this latest installment in the auto-erotic series made its debut at a Detroit auto show instead of some game-industry event: *Forza Motorsport 6* is made for gearheads as well as gamers. Each of the game's 450 cars has been lovingly modeled, down to doors that open and working dials in the cockpit. Even the windshield wipers squegee realistically in downpours that soak the tracks with puddles. (Learn the courses during storms and you can avoid hydroplaning into a chicane wall). The 26 tracks, including ten new ones set everywhere from Rio de Janeiro to Watkins Glen, re-create the real locations right down to the harsh halogens of Daytona and a midnight-black stretch of Le Mans.



Need for Speed

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4)

The good guys: You and your crew of fellow speed demons.

The bad guys: Those cops in your rear-view mirror.

The gear: Iconic cars customized down to the suspension and bumper stickers.

The gist: Welcome (back) to the underground world of illicit city racing. This full reboot of the long-running franchise has you blazing a trail through urban Ventura Bay over one accelerated night. Your car becomes your character after you tweak everything from the body kit down to shock stiffness. When you're ready to hit the road, you can choose from no fewer than five play modes, from tormenting the fuzz like the good ol' days to earning style points for your power-sliding skills to just hitting the streets in a fully open world.



Rocket League

Psyonix (PS4, PC)

The good guys: You and your teammates.

The bad guys: See above. The bad guys are whichever team you don't control.

The gear: Nitrous oxide for bashing opponents at screen-blurring speeds.

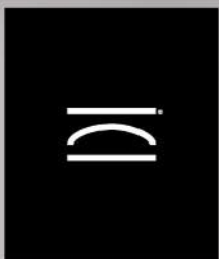
The gist: A soccer/demolition derby mash-up might sound like a ten-year-old's totally awesome idea for a game. In this case, the kid nailed it. Whether you play against computer opponents or other humans online, in small one-on-one battles or in chaotic team games of up to eight players, this is one of the year's most addictive titles. The rules are simple: Bean the ball with your bumper to knock it into the other team's goal, while racing over glowing icons to collect nitrous boosts to bash foes. Power slides, dribbling, and passing take about ten seconds to figure out. The game's camera, meanwhile, always keeps your eye on the ball.

MOST VALUABLE PLAYTHINGS: STEAM MACHINES

Various manufacturers • \$500 to \$1,500 (and up)

This year's hottest gaming console is big and small, relatively cheap and budget-busting pricey. The Steam Machine is available from several manufacturers, all built to run Steam, the online marketplace and operating system from software developer Valve. Think of Steam Machines as a hybrid of consoles and high-end gaming PCs. Each machine ships with a standard controller that melds mouse input with traditional console joysticks, yet the consoles themselves come in a range of graphics, processor, and memory configurations. The unit from iBuyPower, for instance, offers the minimum specs to ensure solid performance at \$500, while Digital Storm's liquid-cooled monster promises the highest performance for \$1,500. Valve's OS will also be available as a download, so you can turn your existing PC into a Steam Machine and buy the controller separately.







In recent years, the holiday season has begun to kick off as soon as Halloween is over. But Veterans Day is much too important an event to let it get lost amid turkeys, menorahs, and tinsel.

By Matt Gallagher

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. The armistice of November 11, 1918, signaled the end of "the war to end all wars," an idea that seems quaint now but was then expressed with much idealism and earnestness. Now, some 97 years and a multitude of armed conflicts later, the commemoration of the end of that armistice survives, even if the dream behind its significance seems further away than ever.

I speak, of course, of Veterans Day, as we call it in the States; across the globe, it's known as Armistice Day or Remembrance Day. Whereas most other nations honoring the war dead on November 11 still focus on the





immense ruin and human slaughter of World War I, the U.S. of A. has morphed it into a commemoration of all its service members, both past and present. (Though the two are often conflated, Memorial Day is strictly for the war fallen.) What exactly is Veterans Day, then, in twenty-first-century America?

As has become a recurring theme in this column, there is no easy answer. (I'm an ass, I know. Think of my poor wife and dog!) How do we define Veterans Day, when the definition of *veteran* itself is muddled in this era of an all-volunteer force and perpetual warfare? Generally, most contemporary American citizens associate veterans with "war vet," if not necessarily "combat vet."

But what of the former service member who was in the Balkans as a peacekeeper and got shot at by some militia holdout, but didn't get the official combat patch because hostilities had been declared over?

What of the intelligence guru who never crossed the berms of Kuwait but saved dozens of allied lives through quick, thorough work, and got thanked by being labeled with the derisive term *fobbit* (a hobbit who doesn't leave the forward operating base)?

What of the peacetime soldier who spent four years of service in the Korean demilitarized zone, where the prospect of an all-out Communist horde sweeping over the border is seen by most as a laughable threat, even though it's always palpable?

What of the drone operator in the Nevada desert who just unloaded 400 pounds of American foreign policy on a Syrian bunker housing some ISIS fucknuts, but then drives into town for a few beers and a lap dance to try to get his head straight?

Sorry for getting all professorial rhetorical querier on you, but these are murky questions for a lot of people, and we live in murky times. But there *is* an answer this go-round: They are veterans. All of 'em. Anyone who's

ever served in the military is, actually.

The relationship between Veterans Day and America remains a bizarre one, however, something that's become more pronounced since 9/11 and the advent of the terror wars.

A lot of American cities and towns honor Veterans Day with a parade. I myself have marched in the New York City Veterans Day parade a few times: in 2011, 2013, and 2014. I'll admit to being wary the first time. I'd only been back for a year and a half, and I was still sorting through some resentments I had with the society that'd wrought us. (Some justified, some bullshit.) And, hey, there is definitely something

Get out there and cross that military-civilian divide one person, one handshake, one exchange, at a time.


potentially hollow about clapping for young people going to foreign lands and waging violence in the name of country, and/or having violence waged upon them on behalf of country (or being one of those who's clapped for). Like a lot of vets of various generations, I had deep misgivings.

But it was a kick-ass time, heartening and purging and clarifying all at once. I strongly recommend it to any vets who are still holding out. What I'd feared would be indulgent and superficial proved something else entirely. As easy as it is for some Americans to stereotype its soldiers—we're heroes, or victims, or monsters—it was just as easy for soldiers to stereotype Americans.

That was the case for this former cavalry captain, at least. Marching in that parade helped me reconcile

with the homeland that had sent my soldiers and me off to Iraq to attempt the impossible. What I'd once taken for disinterest and passive apathy crystallized into care. That care was laced with confusion, but, Christ, I could understand that. I was equally confused about how we'd gone from being attacked on 9/11 to turning into a country that much of the world sees as the galactic empire from *Star Wars*.

I'm not saying just marching in a parade solved all the globe's ills, or coherently answered for me what our combat tour had meant, or purified all the parade attendees' souls or anything. But it did put into perspective just how large our nation's military-industrial complex is, and how remote that must feel to everyday citizens just trying to get by and provide for their families. Yet those people took time out of their busy schedules to come shake some strangers' hands. It wasn't macro-foreign-policy gold or a panacea for world peace. But it wasn't nothing, either. It meant something to them, and, upon reflection, it meant something to me, too. Still does. I still turn to those days when I'm feeling particularly wrathful about the state of the military-civilian divide.

I don't think I'll march in the Veterans Day parade this year, or for many years to come. Maybe I'll do it again when I'm old and crusty and probing down sidewalks with a cane, but for now, I'm good. There are other ways to honor those who went before, and to ensure that those who go in the future do so for right, clear reasons. So get out there, readers, be it Veterans Day or any day. Cross that military-civilian divide one person, one handshake, one exchange, at a time. It's not always easy, but things worth doing never are. 





THE FIGHT FOR THE GOP BRAND

A look at the GOP brand's dirty little secret (it doesn't exist) ... and some postdebate musings.

By Steve Faber

September 16, 2015: It's a sunny day in Los Angeles, and 11 Republican candidates will be debating in prime time. Four candidates who didn't make the cut will be debating earlier, in the embarrassingly named "kid's table" debate, which will air when no one is watching; those four will be hunting for the one-liner that will be rehashed on cable news repeatedly. (Sorry, but Carly Fiorina, who was in the prime-time debate, won that one-liner rehash match.) However, the number of candidates debating one another at the second exchange doesn't particularly matter, as the mainstream media already had collected all the received wisdom of the mainstream-media punditry and decided on a narrative. Unlike the first debate, wherein as I saw it the narrative was "the search for authenticity," the narrative of tonight's debate is the "brand" of the GOP. Sometimes those pundits call it the "heart and soul of the GOP," but they are really discussing ... the brand.

The idea is a paradox and contains a dirty little secret: There is no GOP brand.

By the way, all this brand shit started when President Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, hired a man named Edward Bernays—plucking him from the then-new industry of Madison Avenue public relations—to convince an overwhelmingly isolationist American public that had no desire to enter the First World War to enter the First World War. Which we did—happily. Bernays was Sigmund Freud's nephew and knew how to manipulate our desires and fears to create a paradigm for entering European civil wars. He created a brand for Wilson, long before the word "brand" was part of our public discourse.

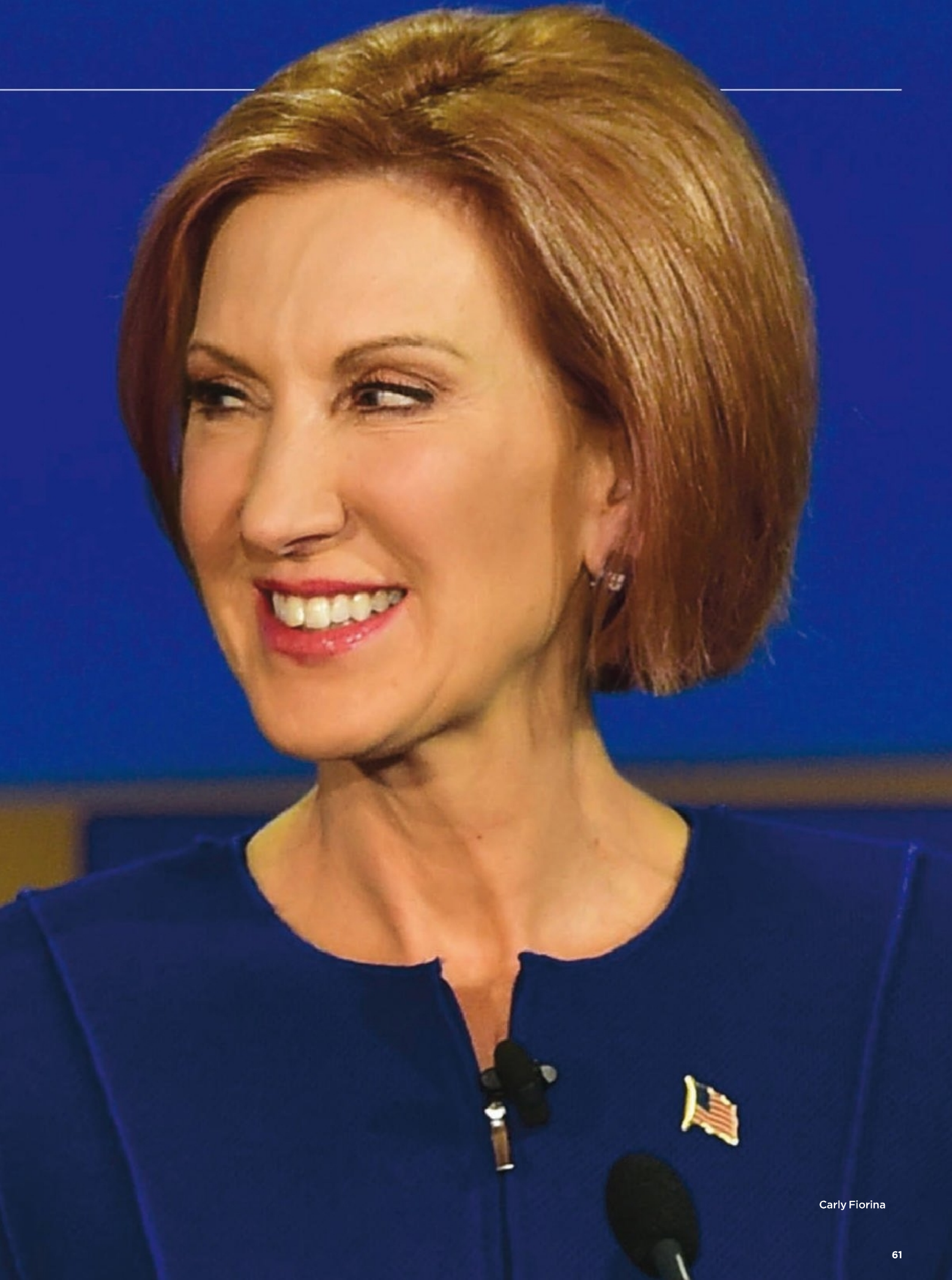
Prior to the 2016 election cycle, the last great fight for the GOP brand occurred in 1964. (Except it wasn't called the "brand," at least not publicly; it was referred to as the "guiding principles of the GOP." Perhaps in the back rooms, in hushed tones, it was called the "brand.") In 1964, after beating back the establishment of the Republican party (Nelson Rockefeller, George Romney [that would be Mitt's dad, who ran for elective office, including the presidency, an unwieldy number of times], Richard Nixon, et al), Senator Barry Goldwater, a Cold War hawk who was very smart but without a great deal of charisma (but that didn't matter then), took the GOP nomination, then took on Lyndon B. Johnson in the general election. Goldwater had a set of far-right policies and proposals—and the backing of then-actor Ronald Reagan; the GOP brand, though wildly unpopular, had wildly right-wing substance. LBJ aired an anti-Goldwater TV ad in which a little girl counted down from ten, pulling petals from a daisy, and was then obliterated by a nuclear bomb. The not-so-subtle message being that a vote for Goldwater was a vote for your children picking flowers and getting blown up by nukes. It worked. Goldwater lost by a landslide, and for the first time television had been used as the tip of the spear. All the policy wonks who previously had poured massive amounts of intellectual sweat equity into shaping the GOP brand became obsolete.

This year, that second debate is being held 30 miles outside Los Angeles, in Simi Valley (think a higher-end suburb with an abnormally high number, per capita, of retired law-enforcement officers), at the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. I've been to the Reagan Library. I've been to most of the presidential libraries (I'm a presidential-library geek), and the Reagan Library is pretty well done. I mean, it's a bit less a library than a biopic, so you exit wondering if you've just toured a presidential library or watched a screening of *Viva Zapata!* However, you can't really blame the library, as the purpose of a presidential library is to prove that the ex-president deserves a library. Nixon's library, for example, takes you through all the "good" stuff (the SALT agreements with the then-superpower Soviet Union, the opening of relations with China, "saving" Israel in the 1973 Yom Kippur War), all explained in an interactive, exciting way ... and then, toward the end of the tour, when you're tired, need water, and want to get out of there, Watergate sort of pops up on a large board with a cursory explanation. John F. Kennedy's library is a beautiful Cape Cod experience where you get Camelot, not an installation titled "My dad was tight with the mob and I banged Marilyn Monroe." Presidential libraries are about legacy, not debasement.

In any event, the end of the Reagan Library tour ends with a walk on board an actual plane that served as *Air Force One*, as if to say, "Nothing, but nothing, represents GOP power, the GOP brand, and GOP success more than Ronald Reagan. The GOP is Ronald Reagan."

How about a mind game? Suppose a fictional GOP candidate ran on the following record: "When I took office as governor, the entire budget of my state was six billion dollars. I raised taxes by one billion dollars. I raised the state's income tax from 7 percent to 11 percent. I raised business and sales taxes. In fact, during my political tenure I raised taxes 11 times. I promised to eliminate certain departments. I didn't; I added one. I promised to shrink the size of government. Didn't do that, either. The number of workers on the government payroll increased dramatically." And on and on. That candidate would not only be yanked off the main stage at a 2015–16 GOP debate, he'd be gently pushed away from the kid's table and, at best, be given chalk and offered the opportunity to draw stick people on the sidewalk outside the debate.

Except the fictional candidate was, in fact, Ronald Reagan. He was anything but a fiction. Reagan as governor and as president did all the above and more. Which is not to say those tax increases, those government workers, weren't important, or that the department added (the Department of Veterans Affairs) wasn't vital. It is to say, however, that the GOP brand is a fiction. Ronald Reagan knew the brand was a fiction. He governed like a Democrat, yet is remembered as the heart and soul of the GOP. Ronald Reagan knew the game because he was, at one time, a Democrat. He was president of a union. He didn't reinvent himself. That's a myth. He realized that people do not support



Carly Fiorina



Reagan, remembered as the heart and soul of the GOP, governed like a Democrat. Thus, no GOP “brand.”

positions or policies. The electorate, by and large, doesn't care about those things. People care about one-liners, photo ops, and little girls getting nuked. Ronald Reagan understood that politics is a self-defining process: The candidate is the brand.

Some postdebate musings: Let's begin with the kid's table. Not much substance except a mosh pit-meets-stampede as to who can get 11 million undocumented workers deported as quickly as possible while simultaneously bombing Iran. Lindsey Graham sounded as if he were running for president of Syria. Bobby Jindal seemed concerned that wedding-cake bakers, florists, and people who play instruments at weddings would be sent to some anti-Christian gulag and forced at gunpoint to bake, arrange flowers, and play instruments at same-sex marriages.

The main debate: This began with a recitation of the length of each candidate's opposite-sex marriage.

It appeared that the 11 candidates have, collectively, been married for about ten thousand years. And they have produced scores of progeny. This apparently demonstrated their opposition to same-sex marriages. Thus, and once again, wedding-cake bakers and florists were brought into the fray. Marco Rubio noted that he brought his own water to the debate. This was quickly followed by Donald Trump and Rand Paul bitch-slapping each other for a couple of minutes behind the junior high school lockers.


Planned Parenthood took a series of hits, with everyone aching to defund the organization. Given that upward of 40 percent of all women use Planned Parenthood for cancer screenings and general female health, well, those women are fucked if Planned Parenthood is defunded. Within a microsecond of the Planned Parenthood attack, Carly Fiorina asked (declared that she wanted?) to link the issues of Planned Parenthood and the nuclear-control deal

with Iran. Apparently there's some linkage between plutonium and pap smears.

There was a quick pivot to taxes, and most (except Trump, and he is, in my opinion, correct on this one) floated the old “flat tax” idea, a notion that tanked 30 years ago. The candidates seemingly are unable to comprehend that with a ten-percent flat tax, the man or woman working two jobs to make \$50,000 and support their family will pay a desperately needed \$5,000, while the man or woman making \$5 million will be left with \$4.5 million—not such a big hit. In any event, the overriding theme seemed to be “tearing up” the tax code. In fact, “tearing up” things on the first day of a GOP presidency is going to be ... look, lots of things are going to be torn up.

Toward the end of the debate, Jeb Bush was forced to concede that he smoked a lot of weed a long time ago but thinks it should remain illegal on the federal level. You need to smoke a lot of weed to understand this position.

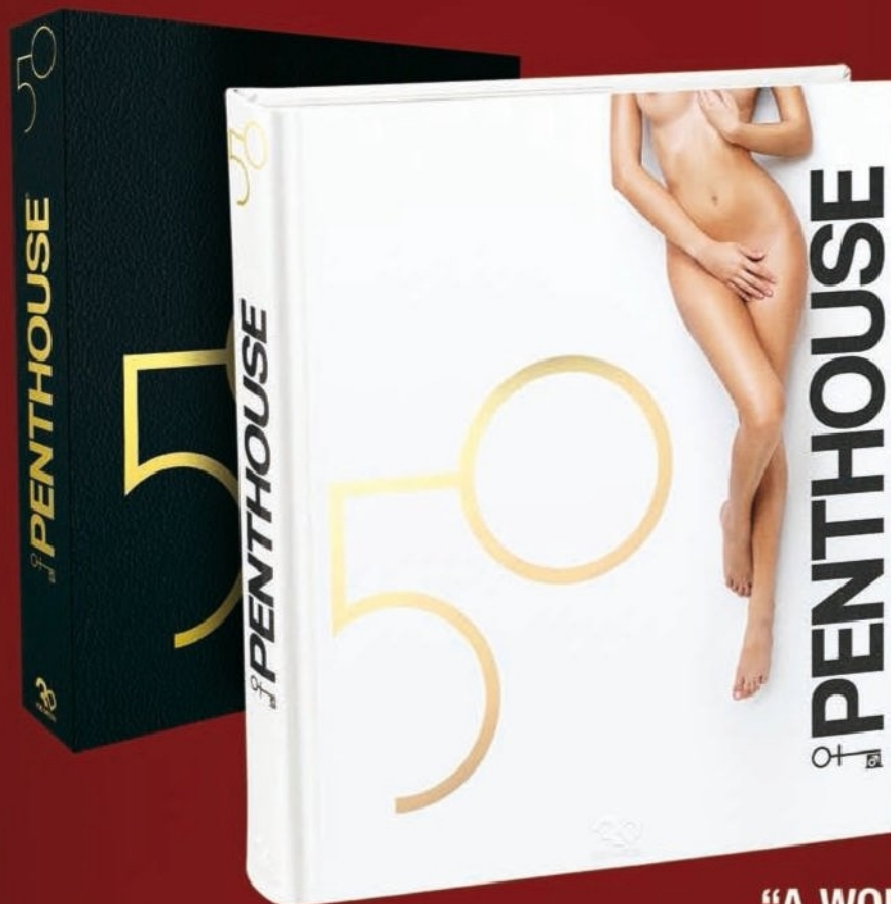
Big winners: I didn't see any.

Big losers: Clearly, wedding-cake bakers and florists. Maybe weed smokers. As for the brand? Who knows? 



BY STEVE FINE

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THE WINTER QUEEN

Our Pet of the Month, Alex Grey, has a sophisticated elegance that's a perfect match for her regal garb, but her career thus far proves without a doubt that she's not an ice princess. After finishing her associate's degree, she headed to Los Angeles to go into the adult industry. She says, "That's the biggest risk I've ever taken, but I absolutely love my job!" And since that love for her job is evident in every scene and photo shoot, Alex has been a welcome addition to the biz. She's an even more welcome addition to the *Penthouse* family.

Photographs by Tammy Sands



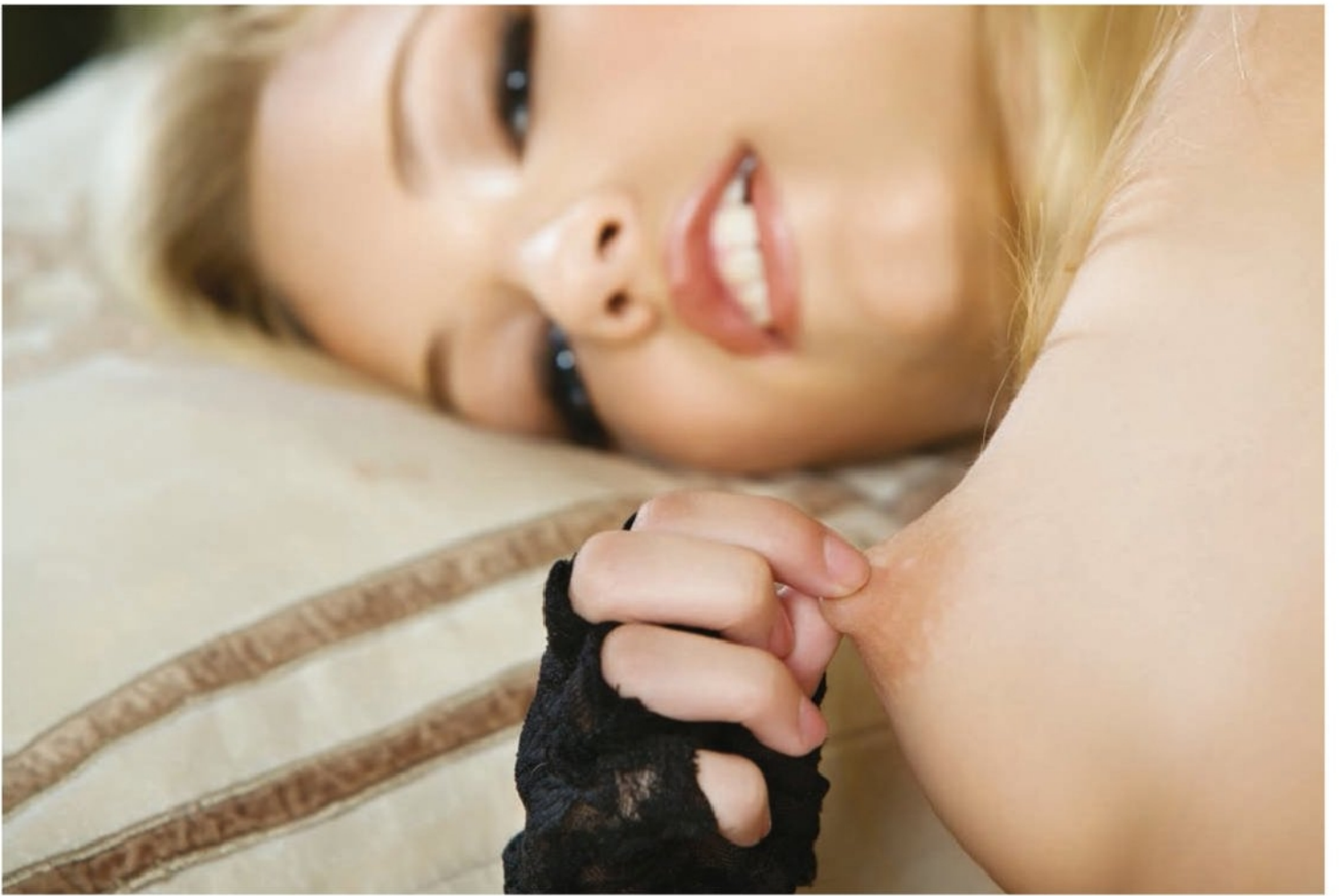


“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love was spontaneously in my single-person tent at a local music festival. But I only have sex with strangers if it’s on-set and I know he’s been tested.”



"I'm ready to make love to a new guy I'm dating when the vibe is right and I feel as if our relationship has potential. I usually make the first move, and if he's into me, he'll know what to do."









“Letting myself get very into a group orgy is the most daring thing I’ve ever done. I was nervous at first, but ended up loving it!”

↓ TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE


01 ALEX GREY **DECEMBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH**

TEAR HERE ↓







A close-up photograph of a blonde woman lying down, looking upwards with a soft expression. She is wearing black lace gloves and a black thigh band. A silver and blue vibrator is inserted into her vagina. Her hands are resting on her thighs, and her fingernails are painted a light pink. The background is softly blurred, showing a light-colored pillow.

“The most remarkable sex I’ve ever had was with my first long-term boyfriend. He was the first to give me an orgasm, and the first to watch porn with me.”





PENTH

✂ ALEX GREY DECEMBER 201

HOUSE

5 PET OF THE MONTH

Alex Grey



Vital stats:

32B-22-32; 5'3"

19 years old

Hometown:

Hillsborough, North Carolina.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

Growing up in my childhood house. It was just my mom, my dog, and me. It will always be my happy place.

If you could live anywhere, it would be?

Paris, France. I visited when I was younger, and I have fond memories of the exciting culture and amazing food.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii. I love the tropical climate and crystal-clear water. Snorkeling is amazing there.

Your dream vacation spot:

Spain and Russia, because I'm a mix of both ethnicities. Everyone else in my family has already been.

Your favorite food and drink:

Greek yogurt with fresh fruit; lemonade.

Your favorite kind of music:

Hip-hop and rap get me pumped.

What music gets you in the mood?

Forget the hip-hop. Fleetwood Mac, or Stevie Nicks solo, gets me feeling sexy.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?

The one in *Twilight*. It was so unexpected, and surprisingly arousing.

Your biggest turn-ons:

Being kissed on my neck, and unexpected oral.

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Dan Smith
Presents

BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

Artist: Andrea Furci
Tattooing for: Nine years
Find him at: Seven Doors Tattoo, London
Instagram: @andreaforci
Email: andreaforci82@gmail.com

What is your earliest memory of seeing a tattoo, and what made you decide to pursue the craft of tattooing?

First time I saw a tattoo, I'm pretty sure, was in some music magazine. I'm from southern Italy, and there were not many people with tattoos around my area. The first time I saw someone with a lot of ink was at a music festival in northern Italy in 1998, when I saw H2O playing. Toby Morse, the singer, had a gun and an eight ball on his forearm.

I started to draw pretty young. My father was an art teacher, and I was always exposed to art. I remember spending the summer on the beach drawing fake tattoos on my friends' arms with a pen. When we grew up, the same friends started to ask me to draw some real tattoo designs for them, and I got super into it. I got my first tattoos, and later on started doing them.

Where did you get your start? Did you do an apprenticeship?

I started in Matteo Dote's shop, Old Town Tattoo, back home in Sicily. I did a year-and-a-half apprenticeship; after that I tattooed there for a year. The shop wasn't on a main street, so I had few walk-ins, and sometimes some tribals.

Your style is very unique. How much of that is influenced by the early traditions of tattooing?

Having an original style is a goal for a lot of tattooers. I work hard every day to try to make it recognizable; this is what can make the

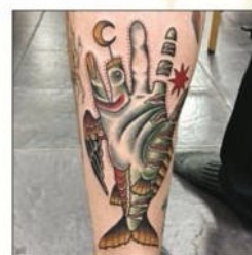
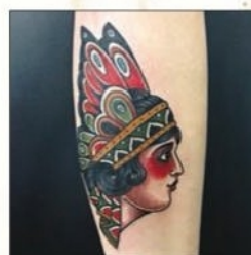
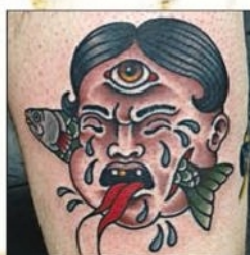
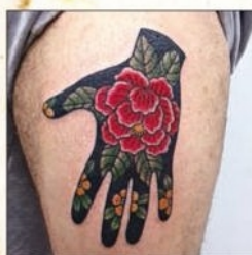


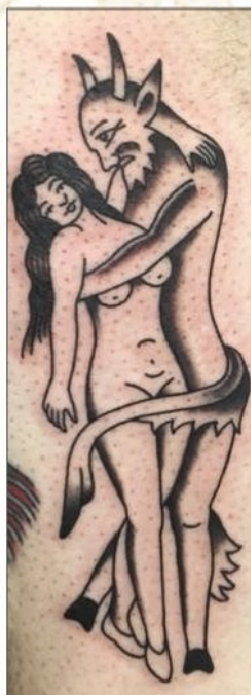
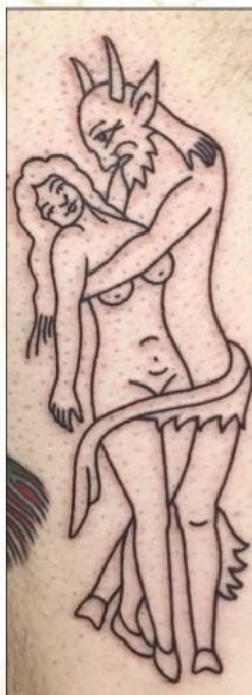
customer choose you rather than another artist. Nello Rossini, a tattooer friend of mine from Rome, told me once that it is really important to know the whole iconography of the traditional tattooers. Only after that can you decide to create your own twist, with that as a starting point.

Did growing up in Sicily influence your style at all? Have you noticed any obvious differences when you've traveled?

I think it did influence it in a way. Not being exposed to the tattoo culture made me search for other images and iconographies to turn into tattoo designs, so I started to use art history as a reference, like surrealism and metaphysical painters.

Traveling around Europe and the United States, I can definitely see a difference, stylewise. Right now, all over Europe, black tattoos, dot works, and etching style are really popular. In the U.S., traditional American tattoos are pretty big. At the same time, with social media, you can almost feel a slow globalization of styles.





What spoke to you about the W. R. King design you choose for this project?

I knew the flash, but I didn't know the name of the artist. Repainting it, I decided to keep it as similar to the original as possible. I think it works the way it is. It's romantic and creepy at the same time, not precise like some of the designs of that era that had the folksy look that made them special.

What were you conscious of when approaching this project? Did you change anything about the original?

I usually look at old flash to take inspiration, but rarely follow the exact composition or design. In this case, because I couldn't completely change it, I kept it as is. I just tried to make it slightly cleaner where I saw there were some "mistakes" from the time it was made. But the more time I spent doing this job, the more I appreciated a design with imperfections. It gives it more character and personality than a super-well-drawn design. From a technical point of view, I've noticed that when I follow a design made by someone else, it makes me feel as if I need to stay more focused and precise.

Why do you think tattoo flash is so timeless and appeals to people so much? Do you think the magic of painting and trading flash might get lost in the modern age of tattooing?

Some flash is timeless because it's been used and copied for so many years that it's become part of the communal imagination. For this reason, people recognize themselves in those symbols, so tattooers and collectors choose to wear it on their skin and

continue the visual tradition. Trading flash is never going to disappear. In our days, more than ever, tattooers are traveling all over, and usually it's really appreciated if someone brings a painting as a present, so trading is going to carry on for a while.

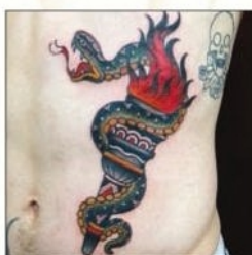
What are some of your favorite things about tattooing, and what really makes you appreciate what you do?

Tattooing gives me the chance to make a passion my job, and it's a career that gives me the chance to travel a lot and meet new people from all over the world—some of them I can even call friends. The only negative thing about tattooing right now is the risk of taking too much inspiration from other people, thanks to social media. You have everything people create all over the world right in front of your eyes while you are drawing on your desk, and that can influence you a bit too much and put individual creativity at risk.

What are you excited about in the future of your career? Do you have things you would like to try to do with your tattooing?

I think joining the Seven Doors team a year and a half ago gave me a lot of new energy. It has been a creative environment that gives me the chance to push a bit more and experiment with my designs.

In the future, I would love to be able to start some bigger pieces and to end up working every day with a clientele that trusts me and gives me the opportunity to try more surreal and odd images.





Olympic history is littered with hilarious failed demonstration sports that didn't make it far from the drawing board.

By Noah Davis • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

Every two years, sports fans around the globe revel in the familiar sights and sounds of the Olympic Games. The running, the jumping, the flipping, and of course the, um, ski ballet? Well, not quite, but almost: The International Olympic Committee (IOC) considered the sport, which is exactly what it sounds like (and you can see it on YouTube), for inclusion in the Winter Games before ultimately deciding that the competition didn't demand the discipline, skill, and athletic ability required to be an official Olympic sport. (Amazingly, ski ballet appeared as a demonstration sport at both the 1988 and 1992 Games before the powers that be decided against it.)

But the balletic two-plankers are just one example—and not even the silliest—of the absurd and unusual sports that have been considered for and actually contested in the Games during the past hundred-plus years. Some are regional specialties, only showing up as a bone tossed to the host city, while others are legitimate ventures with worldwide followings. Officials ruled out at least one because of death risks. It wasn't ski ballet.

Herewith, a brief survey of obscure Olympic and would-be Olympic sports.

MILITARY PATROL

A precursor to the biathlon, Military Patrol was featured in the 1924, '28, '36, and '48 Games as a demonstration sport. The competition consisted of four-man teams cross-country skiing more than 15 miles while carrying 53-pound packs. The teams stopped at specific intervals to shoot targets from a distance of roughly 164 feet. In 1948, just three years after World War II, the warfare-inspired sport had its swan song, perhaps appropriately in famously neutral Switzerland. The United States team of Donald Weihs, Stanley Walker, Henry Dunlap, and Lorentz Eide finished last in St. Moritz, with a time of 4 hours, 38 minutes, and 58 seconds—almost two hours behind the gold-medal-winning Swiss team. You have to hope SEAL Team Six would fare better today.

SKIJORING ►

Modern Games founder Pierre de Coubertin was a big fan of skijoring, and he lobbied to get the sport into the 1928 Olympics on a demonstration basis. Back then, participants donned cross-country skis and were pulled by horses, water ski-style, over a racecourse. The skijorer with the fastest time won. Nowadays competitors use dogs instead of horses—yes, the sport still exists, and there's an American skijor organization. The 2015 U.S. national championship took place on Lake of the Isles in Minneapolis, on January 30 and February 1.

SPEEDSKIING

And you thought downhill skiing was fast and dangerous: Speed skiing, which does away with silly things like “gates” and “turns,” features competitors simply rocketing straight down a mountain at the fastest speeds possible. Clad in custom-made, aerodynamic suits and helmets, speed skiers routinely top 120 miles per hour through the 100-meter timing zone that determines the winner. Italian Simone Origone holds the world record, clocking 156.8 miles per hour in 2014. Speed skiing appeared as a demonstration sport in 1992, but its hopes of Olympic inclusion were doused when Swiss speed skier Nicolas Bochatay died after crashing into a snow-grooming machine during a practice run. The sport continues to thrive with a certain speed-loving subset, but not at the Olympics.

SYNCHRONIZED SKATING

Paging Martin Short, Harry Shearer, and friends: that *SNL* synchronized-swimming gig didn't work out, so maybe it's time to give its ice-bound cousin a try. Teams of 16 skaters glide around the rink performing choreographed spins, twirls, and jumps. Kelly Vogtner, senior director of athlete development for U.S. Figure Skating, told *The New York Times* in 2013, “It's figure skating multiplied: all the wonderful things you see with singles, pairs, and dance, but there's more of it—it's really eye-catching.” That's right, there's a push under way to get synchronized skating into the Olympics, and more than 15,000 people signed a petition on Change.org. The sport has never been in the Olympics, but it did appear as a demonstration sport at the 2007 World University Games. Sharpen those blades, Marty, even if you're not that strong a skater.

BANDY

Picture hockey with 11 players per side, a ball, a rink that's the size of a soccer field, and goals that are 11 feet across and seven feet tall. Okay, maybe that looks nothing like hockey, except for the ice and the skates. But bandy sounds like it might be a hoot. The sport appeared in the 1952 Games in Oslo, Norway, although Sweden and Finland were the only countries to participate other than the hosts. Thanks to a 4-0 win over Finland, the Swedes took home the gold despite losing 2-1 to Norway. There was a notion that it might appear in the 2014 Games in Russia, where it's still possible to make \$500,000 a year playing the sport professionally, but Vladimir Putin didn't get his way. That might have been a first.

BASQUE PELOTA

Called the “fastest sport in the world,” Basque pelota is an ancient game popular in the Basque regions of Spain and France, as well as in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Cuba. (Americans play a variant called jai alai.) The game takes place in a large, two-walled court and is contested by individuals or two teams of two. Individuals use either a paddle or their bare hands to bash a small ball toward the front wall. The nonpaddle version results in swollen hands because the ball flies at well over 100 miles per hour. The game has a surprisingly long Olympic tradition: Basque pelota was an official sport in 1900, and a demonstration sport in 1924, '68, and '92.





CLUB SWINGING ▲

This sounds like something the guys from *A Night at the Roxbury* get up to on a regular basis, but it's actually a sport that has appeared twice in the Games, in 1904 and '32. Competitors stand with a club—which looks like a bowling pin, but with a ribbon or streamer attached—in each hand and whirl and swing them in intricate patterns as part of a routine. Judges award points based on each routine. Sounds like a precursor to rhythmic gymnastics, and it was, in an indirect way. The Americans dominated the club-swinging medal stand, winning all six podium spots, with Edward Hennig and George Roth taking home the gold in 1904 and 1932, respectively. According to legend, Roth was unemployed and broke when he received his gold medal at the L.A. Games in front of 60,000 fans. He brought food to his wife and daughter from the Olympic Village, and, at the conclusion of the Games, hitchhiked back to his home in East Hollywood.


POWER BOATING

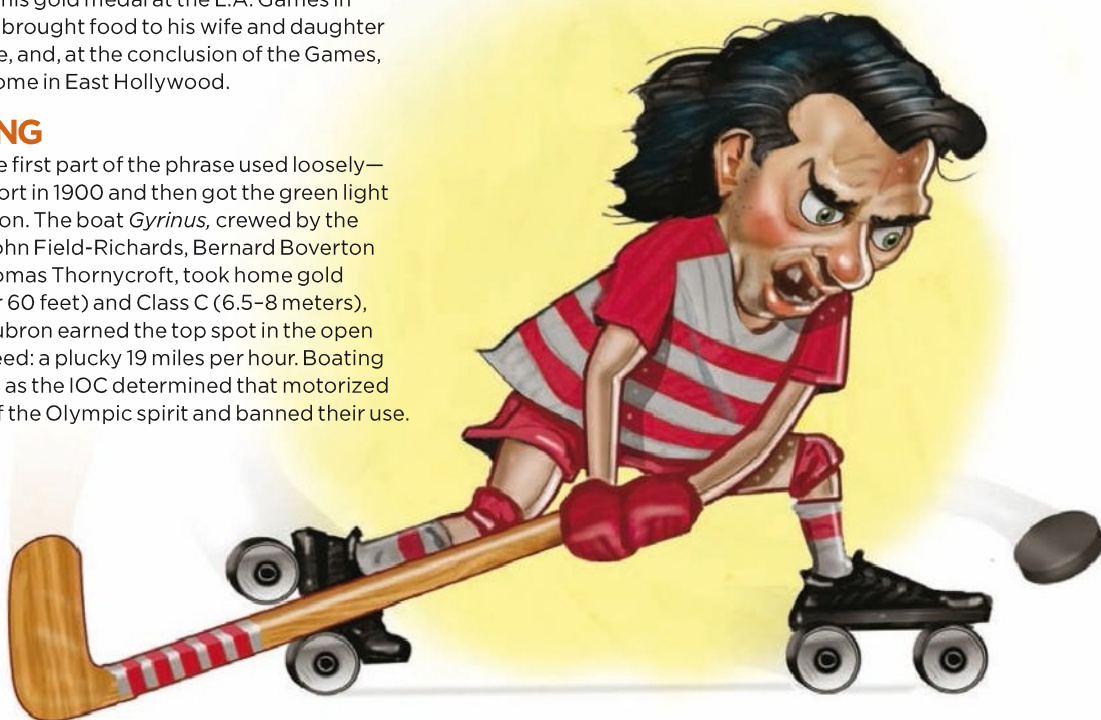
Power boating—with the first part of the phrase used loosely—was a demonstration sport in 1900 and then got the green light eight years later in London. The boat *Gyrinus*, crewed by the terrifically named trio John Field-Richards, Bernard Boverton Redwood, and Isaac Thomas Thornycroft, took home gold medals in Class B (under 60 feet) and Class C (6.5–8 meters), while France's Émile Thubron earned the top spot in the open division. His winning speed: a plucky 19 miles per hour. Boating was not to last, however, as the IOC determined that motorized vehicles were not part of the Olympic spirit and banned their use.

OBSTACLE-RACE SWIMMING

Twelve swimmers representing five nations took on the 200-meter course at the Paris Summer Olympics in 1900. The obstacles consisted of a pole, a row of boats, and ... another row of boats. Athletes had to climb over the pole, clamber across the first row of boats, then swim under the second one. It was a water-based steeplechase, if you will. Australia's Frederick Lane defeated Austria's Otto Wahle by 1.6 seconds, and Great Britain's Peter Kemp steamed in for the bronze. The Paris Games were the first and last time this event appeared, but it seems appropriate for lakeside summer camps the world over.

ROLLER HOCKEY ▼

This isn't the game you're thinking of—the one played on inline skates. Instead, roller (or "rink") hockey featured skates with quad wheels, a ball, and sticks that resembled those used in field hockey more than the ones you see on the ice. The game was five-on-five including the goaltender, and it appeared as a demonstration sport in the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, partially at the behest of then-IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch, who played as a child. (The sport was popular in Europe.) The United States finished seventh, one place out of a semifinal appearance, while Argentina surprised the European teams and defeated the hosts in the gold-medal match. 





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MIDRIFF-TASTIC

One bedroom, midday, midweek ... a buxom babe and a willowy wench ... a mini vibrator and a metal-clad mirror aiding sexual experimentation.... Lucy and Vinna fulfill their desires, exhaust their erotic options, and satisfy their sapphic curiosity. All in all, it's a time to remember.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



















SEE MORE OF LUCY & VINNA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

A black and white close-up portrait of comedian Eugene Mirman. He is wearing thick-rimmed glasses and has his hands clasped together in front of his mouth, looking directly at the camera with a wide-eyed, intense expression. He is wearing a dark t-shirt and a watch on his left wrist.

STAND-UP GUYS

MAGNUM ABSURDUS

Eugene Mirman's fifth comedy album is a nine-volume behemoth featuring 45 minutes of crying, a guided meditation, Russian lessons, and other curiosities, all wrapped around a stand-up set.

Interview by John Bolster

Eugene Mirman went to one of those colleges with a reputation for crunchy-granola progressiveness—you know the schools, like Evergreen, in Olympia, Washington; or Bennington, in the Vermont town of the same name—where you can major in drum circles or patchouli production. His was called Hampshire College (it's in Amherst, Massachusetts) and he majored in ... comedy. Really. But before you scoff, consider that his thesis was a one-hour stand-up routine, and, as he told us recently, "My major clearly sounds ludicrous, but now, 20 years later, I'm a comedian, [so] what I did was extremely reasonable." Indeed it was. With oversight from a writing professor, a theater professor, and a communications/social-sciences professor, Mirman not only honed his material, but also delved into the deeper elements of mass culture and the practical side of comedy—namely, publicizing your efforts in the field. When he graduated in 1996 and started doing comedy nights in Boston, he sent out his own press releases and drew media attention to his work. Since then, he's flourished as a stand-up, actor, podcast guest, and producer/promoter. Mirman voices Gene Belcher on Fox's hit animated series *Bob's Burgers*, and he played Yvgeny Mirminsky on Adult Swim's late, lamented comedy *Delocated*, as well as Eugene on HBO's *Flight of the Conchords*. He's had numerous other TV roles, produced the Eugene Mirman Comedy Festival in Brooklyn every year since 2008, and released four comedy albums filled with his unique, absurd musings. His fifth album, *I'm Sorry (You're Welcome)*, is out now, and it makes comedy history on several fronts: It is, as far as we know, the first album ever to feature 45 minutes of crying, 195 orgasms, and a punch line delivered by Apple's Siri. Mirman also furnishes listeners with a "Fuckscape"—or "*Fuuhsckscape*," as he pronounces it—think soundscape, with more *bow-chicka-wow-wow*.

In total, there are four-and-a-half hours of material on *I'm Sorry (You're Welcome)*—anchored by a comedy set recorded in Seattle—and the project was released by Sub Pop in several formats, including embedded into both a chair and a robe. (That's right.) We caught up with Mirman recently to talk about his "Singular Experience for the Modern Listener."

Considering this is for *Penthouse*, I feel a professional obligation to start with the "Fuckscape."

Yes, I was going to say—finally, a place where it's fitting.

Maybe you could come to an arrangement to make it the hold music at *Penthouse* World Headquarters. [Laughs] If *Penthouse* wants to use the "Fuckscape" as hold music, I would be all for that.

I particularly enjoyed the line, "You got a pussy like Abraham Lincoln has honor."

Thank you. That was a late addition, but I also really appreciated it.

The album also contains 45 minutes of crying and 195 orgasms. I hope you're not offended that I did not listen to either of those sections all the way through.

I am not offended. I am also impressed that you listened to any of those two discs.

Well, I had to verify that you hit both of those numbers—the 45 minutes, and the 195 orgasms.

Yes, I did. There are 195 orgasms, and there is over 45 minutes of crying.

I understand the crying is not looped, that you recorded yourself crying on a porch on Cape Cod.

Yes, that is 100 percent true. I recorded myself crying for 45 minutes,

which turns out to be actually sort of hard and somewhat draining—but also really fun.

Were you alone at the time?

I was, yeah. Though it's funny, because when I recorded the orgasms it was in a studio, with my friends Matt and Christian [Savage and Cundari, respectively, of the band Coo & Howl], who I made the album with. So there was an amount to which it was ludicrous, and half embarrassing, but funny. A lot of it was me just trying to make them laugh. Because there are times when the noises just get progressively ridiculous.

You had to actually record 195 of them, you couldn't just say the album contained that many?

No, you couldn't just say that. Not only that, but we recorded more than that. There were some where we were like, "Oh, that sounds too similar to orgasm 67."

So you had to edit the orgasms?

Yeah, and then order them in a way that [*chuckles*] ... sort of flowed ridiculously. The amount of times that we listened to them and reorganized their order and stuff is more than I think most people would think is reasonable.

There's one moment in the stand-up show when you talk about paintings you made, hoping to get them

into your local Whole Foods, with titles like "Vegan on His Way to the Complain Store" and "Gender-Neutral Child Learning About the Conflict in Egypt." Were there visuals for those during the show?

Yeah, there were, and they might be included with the album. I think I'll eventually put [them] online, regardless. There are paintings. But I feel like a lot of it is the title, and people imagining, so I think it works. But there are actual paintings that I made, that I tried to get into Whole Foods. I haven't succeeded, but I still might try to do it.

You recount a story about essentially getting mugged by policemen in Mexico with R.E.M. frontman Michael Stipe. How frazzled was he by this episode? Or did he take it in stride?

In a sense, we were both really calm, because it was sort of genuinely terrifying: an SUV filled with policeman [who] jumped out and started frisking and interrogating us. Refusing to pretend they knew any English. They weren't ... violent, really, other than frisking us. And we both knew that we had done nothing wrong, but we were in the middle of nowhere. So it was really terrifying. But also, in the end, pretty funny. He was extremely collected, though.

And the cops clearly were not R.E.M. fans.

Yeah, they didn't know. They had no idea they were mugging a comedian from cable, and Michael Stipe from R.E.M.

During the stand-up set in Seattle, you married a couple onstage.

How are they doing now? Have you followed up with them?

I haven't followed up. But when I'm back in Seattle, maybe I'll see them. Maybe they'll come back to the show, and I can congratulate them on their anniversary.

You've said that you hope people take bits and pieces of this album—like the ringtones or the outgoing messages—and sprinkle them throughout their lives.

Yeah. At some point I had my iPhone on shuffle, and some random sound effect came through, and I was like, *Oh, that's kind of fun*. Because at first, I was like, *What is ... that?* Then I realized, *Oh, that's me. I did that*. I really hope people make videos or plays with the sound effects, or whatever they want to do. ☺



SEANA RYAN

29 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

Stunning September 1992 Pet of the Month Seana Ryan still looks as if she stepped right out of the pages of a mainstream fashion magazine and into the pages of *Penthouse*—which is exactly what the 50-year-old fashion model turned centerfold did.

Seana is my very dearest Pet friend. We became besties when we were both mainstream models in the early 1990s and would turn up at auditions driving our matching Corvettes (hers was black and mine was red). Seana's statuesque beauty made her a favorite of director Andrew Blake, and she starred in his film *Miami Hot*

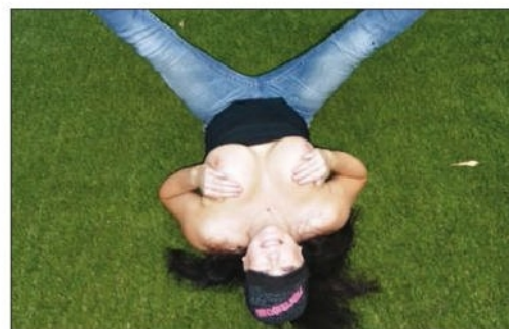
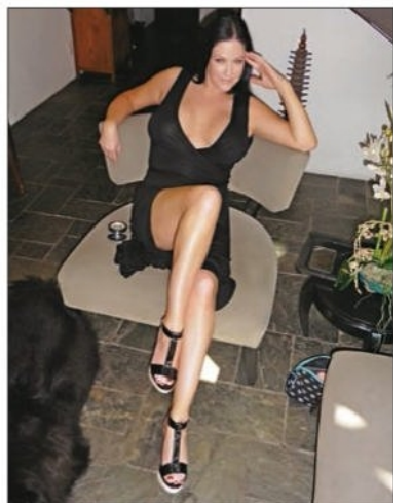
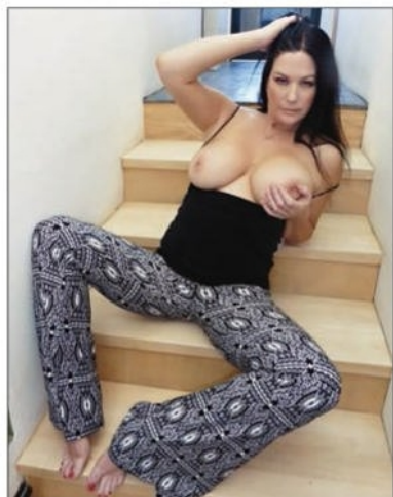
Talk, as well as in several *Penthouse* titles, including *Swimsuit 1 & 2*, *Satin and Lace II*, and *Penthouse Pet of the Year Play-off 1994*.


Throughout the years, Seana and I have continued to work together on projects. She was one of the original Leykettes (the promotional squad of centerfolds I put together for radio station 97.1 FM in Los Angeles), and she starred in the very first *Busty Cops* movie I ever made.

These days Seana is an animal activist, working with pet rescue and adoption. Her dream is to raise enough money to open up a sanctuary for all kinds of animals to live out their lives. Check out PetsFurPets.com for more information. You can also follow her at [Facebook.com/SeanaPRyan](https://www.facebook.com/SeanaPRyan).

1. My biggest accomplishments are my children. They're my best friends.
2. I'm a night owl. That's when my creative side comes out.
3. I was a Catholic schoolgirl for a whole eight years, LOL.
4. I played tennis as a kid and won many tournaments. I still get off on the game.
5. I love my fans always and forever, and they can keep in touch with me by calling me on the phone-sex service *NiteFlirt*.
6. I helped start the charity Pets for Pets with the late Leslie Glass, the 1994 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Runner-Up.
7. I have no tattoos.
8. Christmas is my favorite holiday, and the source of my best family memories.
9. I cannot sleep without a certain blanket covering my face like a cocoon.

10. My three favorite Penthouse Pets were Sam Phillips (June 1993), Leslie Glass (February 1992), and Brandi Lee Braxton (December 1994). All became my BFFs!
11. My nickname has always been "Legs From Hell."
12. I need to have a bubble bath every night. It's my "me" time.
13. I really love windy days, and the smell of rain.
14. I like an old-fashioned gentleman, the kind they used to make back in the day.
15. I look forward to traveling the world with the man of my dreams... who I have not met yet. Applications are available.
16. The late movie director Robert Altman was my second cousin.
17. Since I'm a Leo, I must have plenty of beauty sleep or I am not a person. Ten hours a night is ideal.
18. I cannot live without my cocoa-butter lotion.



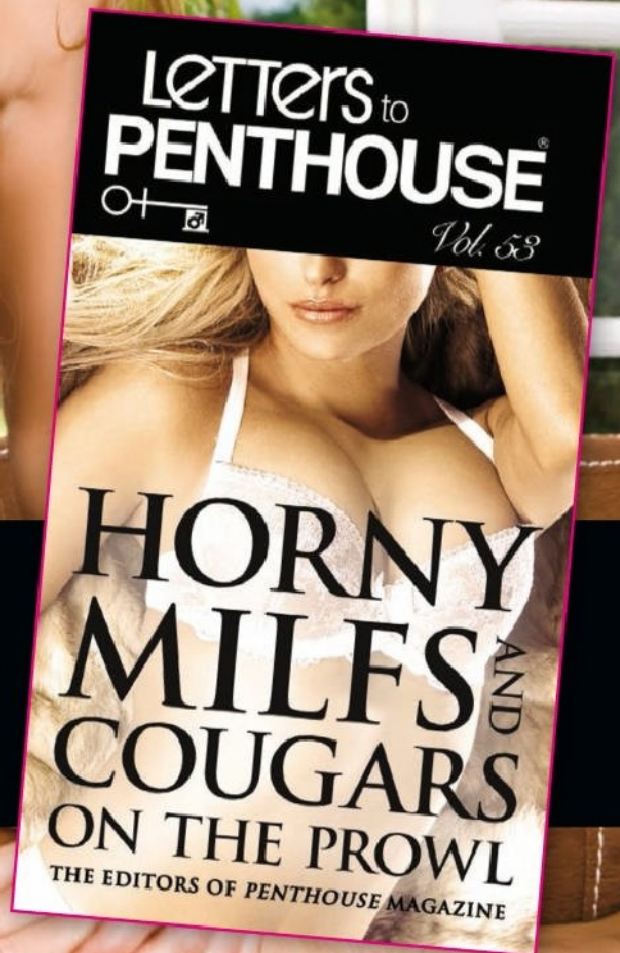
19. I love riding roller coasters—the faster the better!
20. I am really good at making Mexican food—the hotter the better.
21. I am not a fan of hot weather. Period!
22. I have two dogs and a cat. I love my babies, and there's always room for more.
23. I was a mainstream model before I became a Penthouse Pet. My very first print ad ran in *GQ*. My second job was for the J.C. Penney catalog.
24. I used to model for Frederick's of Hollywood.
25. I love shopping at secondhand and vintage stores with my friend Patti.
26. The most daring thing I have ever done was jump out of a plane.
27. I love watching my favorite TV shows: murder mysteries, *48 Hours*, *20/20*, and *Dateline*.
28. My top-three movies I can watch over and over are *A Star Is Born*, *Legends of the Fall*, and *Along Came Polly*.
29. I have had many sex dreams about Brad Pitt. 

Sara Ryan 



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ABIGAILE



LET'S GET PHYSICAL

No pain, no gain? We beg to differ. Abigaile shows us there are plenty of pleasurable ways to work up a sweat—and that the warm-up can be the hottest part of a workout.

Photographs by Emmanuel Fouquet





After a hot
and heavy
workout,
Abigaile
knows exactly
how to keep
our heart rate
up, as she
strips down
to reveal the
sexy results of
training dirty.





Abigail shows off perfect form as she stretches her stunning body. We don't remember learning these moves in gym class, but we're not complaining.





With no one
around to
massage her
sore muscles,
Abigaile takes
matters into
her own hands
with a far more
enjoyable kind
of rubdown.





It may not count as cardio, but Abigail still leaves us breathless. If the views at the gym were always this awe-inspiring, we'd never skip a workout again. And these steamy photos are just the warm-up.

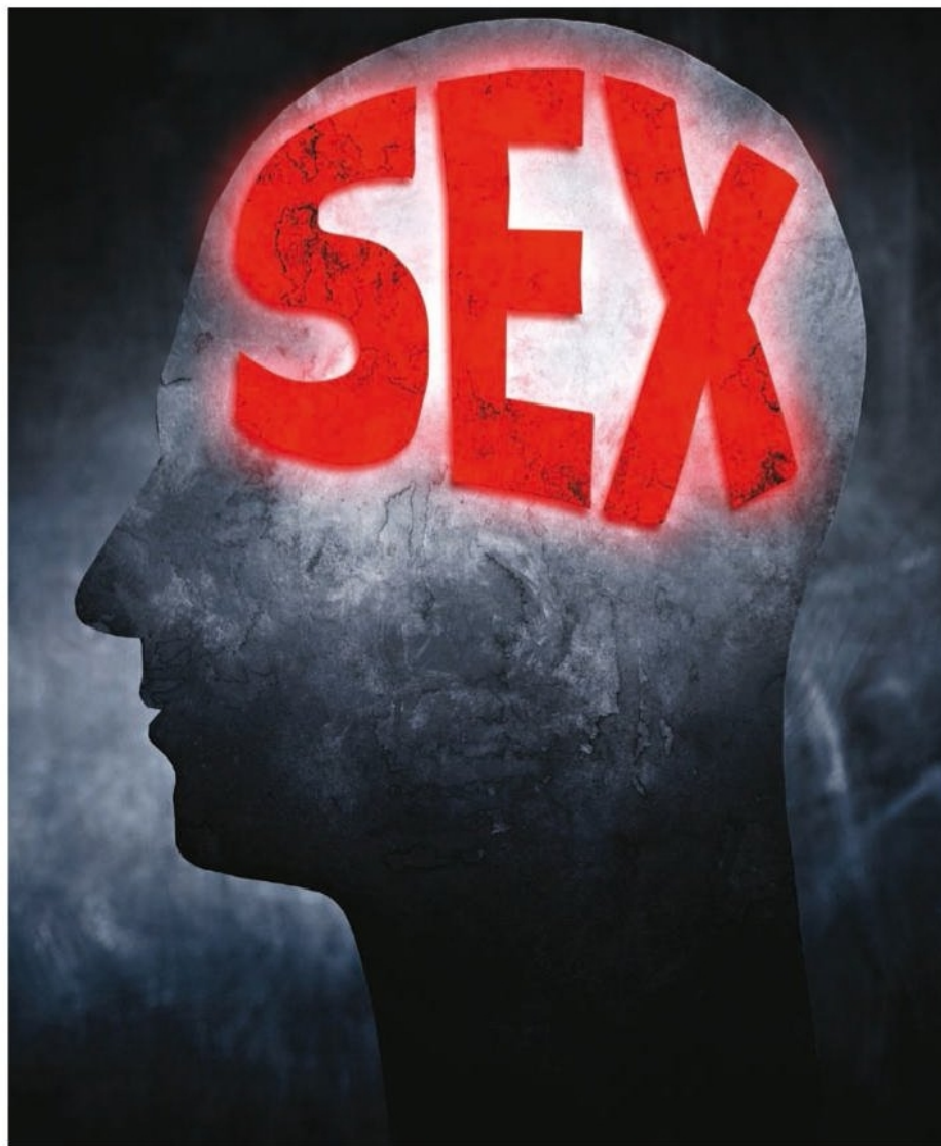


SEE MORE OF ABIGAIL AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Look, No Hands!

Is it possible for a guy to train himself to come hands-free, like without touching himself or being touched anywhere?

It is indeed possible to have an orgasm without any physical stimulation. If you've ever had a wet dream, you've already done it. And since you can dream your way to orgasm, it stands to reason that you

also can think your way to it while awake. It's true, as they say, that your brain is your main sexual organ.

There are various ways you might go about trying to achieve a "hands-free" orgasm. I'm sure that there's no single method that would work

for everyone, immediately, or all the time. I'll tell you about a couple of different techniques I've tried out.

The first thing I tried was a hypnosis video on YouTube. It seemed legit enough. I've done plenty of guided-relaxation types of things that have worked for me, and I know there's science showing that hypnosis can have pretty amazing results. It seemed plausible that the power of hypnotic suggestion might be able to make me come.

It didn't. The hypnotist guy's voice annoyed me, and I couldn't stop wondering if he was really a dipshit or if he just sounded like one. He kept repeating the phrase "safe and secure," which had the opposite effect, making me question my safety and wonder why it was so important that I believe I was safe. The hypnotist doth protest too much, methinks.

There's another YouTube video that claims to be able to induce a hands-free orgasm and ejaculation using "binaural beats." These are tones of different frequencies played through stereo headphones, which supposedly influence the listener's brain waves. It sounded like pure bullshit to me, but I tried it and, surprisingly, I felt something stir down there. As instructed, I listened to the recording through headphones while lying on the floor in a quiet room. I didn't come, but I think I could have, perhaps if I had been horny to begin with, or if I had been truly relaxed and not doing it as part of my job. I wonder also if I would have had better results with better headphones. The video's anonymous creator suggests using ones that are "good quality." The \$25 headphones I keep at my office are usually good enough for me. Maybe he or she meant something more like a \$400 Bang & Olufsen set.

Another technological approach I tried, again without success, was the Muse "brain-sensing" headband (not to be confused with the band Muse). One Muse user blogged about having an experience "similar

to the wonderful orgasmic feelings of controlled and long-lasting sex, right before the finale” during his 92nd 12-minute meditation session with the headband. The device is pretty cool, and I think it would be nice to spend 18 hours meditating with it in an attempt to replicate this blogger’s experience. So far, I’ve been able to give it just 22 minutes. According to the Muse app, which records brain-wave data during the sessions, I was barely able to settle my mind (my brain waves were “calm” for seven percent of the total time spent meditating), let alone achieve a state of orgasmic bliss.

The third method I tried involved no technology, and seemed the most promising. This method, detailed in the book *Urban Tantra: Sacred Sex for the Twenty-First Century*, involves simply lying on the floor with your knees bent while doing a breathing exercise. As you breathe in and out, picture your breath making a circle. With each out breath, imagine that you’re pushing energy into your groin. You can also do Kegel exercises at the same time—rhythmically clenching your perineal muscles (the muscles of the pelvic floor that contract during orgasm and ejaculation)—while continuing to breathe deeply in a circular fashion.

I can easily imagine how deep breathing combined with Kegels and a bit of sexual fantasy could lead to a hands-free orgasm. I swear I nearly got there. But again, I think what held me back was the fact that I was doing research, on a deadline.

For any of these techniques to work, I think you’d have to be feeling horny and relaxed, and have plenty of free time in private to work on it. It’s probably also helpful to go into it with the attitude that it may or may not happen, but at least it’ll be a pleasant waste of time.

SEXUAL SECRETS

Since sites like AdultFriendFinder.com and AshleyMadison.com were hacked and user data was exposed, I’ve been worried about my privacy online. Is there any surefire way to keep my private information secure when using adult dating or hookup sites?



The more I read about these recent breaches, the more I think that cybersecurity has become too difficult for a layperson to handle. I consider myself a fairly savvy computer user, but I just assume that I am not invisible or anonymous on the internet, that any activity I engage in could be tracked and exposed, and that any online account I have could be hacked.

It’s time we all just accept that we have to behave on the internet as we would in real life. If it would be really bad for you if someone found out about something you are thinking of doing online, don’t do it.

That’s not to say I agree with the hackers who illegally obtained the Ashley Madison user data and felt entitled to post it because they view the site’s users as “scumbags.” I also don’t think that everyone has a right to information about anyone’s sexual interests simply because they were posted online somewhere.

I’d also like to see people respond differently to these breaches. The only thing we have to fear here is fear itself. Instead of panicking when a site’s security is breached, what if its

users responded by saying, “So the fuck what? Here are some people looking to have sex with other people. Some of them are married, and some of them have kinky sexual interests. It’s none of anyone’s business, frankly, and if you disapprove, fuck you.”

That being said, there *are* ways you can protect your privacy. First, don’t use your regular email address to sign up. Get a free email account that isn’t associated with your real name or used for any other online activities. Second, don’t provide your real name, birth date, street address, or town. Third, use an https-secure connection when browsing. This can prevent anyone nearby from eavesdropping on your activity online.

If you’re using a free account, these simple practices can help you mask your identity. But if you pay for anything with a credit card, and those records are hacked, there’s no hope of remaining anonymous. (If you’re shady enough to have a credit card under an assumed name, then you’re too shady to need my advice.) Otherwise, accept that someday you might have some explaining to do.

Hack Your Sex Life

Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and solve everyday sexual problems.

Have a favorite sex hack you’d like to share? Email it to SexHacks@ffn.com, and your submission may appear in Sex Ed.

Sex Hack 8

If you like being rimmed but don’t have a partner who will rim you, don’t despair. An infant finger toothbrush can closely approximate the sensation of a tongue on your anus. What’s an infant finger toothbrush, you ask? It’s a little thing made of silicone with soft bristles, designed for massaging a baby’s tender gums, that fits on a fingertip. You can buy one at any drugstore. Using one on yourself, or having your partner use it on you, is the next best thing to having your ass licked. ☺

POSITIONS DESIRED

A blonde woman with short hair is posing nude in a swimming pool. She is smiling and looking at the camera. Her left hand is on her hip, and her right hand is resting on the edge of the pool. The pool has a blue and white tiled border. The background shows a stone wall and some greenery.

Bunny Tales

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PROFILE

Age: 42
Height: 5'4"
Bra size: 36D
Home state: Ohio

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: 14 years

"I used to dance at gentlemen's clubs, and I met a porn star at a club in Ohio who knew Dennis Hof. She raved about him and how much she liked him, and I knew I had to check out the Bunny Ranch.

"When I told my mom, a 'good Christian woman,' what I'd be doing, she said, 'Well, what does everyone think they did back in biblical days? It's not like they had TV.' That's proof that anyone can keep an open mind. You can't really enjoy yourself if you're always worried about what other people think."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I love sex, and if you love what you do, there's a 99 percent chance that you're good at it. In the bedroom, I can be an eager student or a great, experienced teacher. Either way, I get to enjoy the greatest gift from God: the orgasm!"

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I am very playful, but I'm also very vocal and aggressive—and I always get what I want. But what I want most is for my clients to be happy, so it works out well for everyone."

"I can always find chemistry with someone, whether it's through looks or conversation, and I like to treat my clients the way I would like to be treated. I love a gentleman, a man who knows what he wants but also knows how to make me laugh, so I do my best to provide those same feelings for my clients."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"Clients are always asking me about doing anal. Something about my butt must catch their eye. I work out every day and keep myself—and especially my ass—tight and toned just for them."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"My advice to women on keeping your man happy: sex and food. They are man's two favorite things, so if you can learn a couple of tricks for the bedroom and a few quick recipes for the kitchen, you'll be beating them away with a stick." 🍷🍴



"I will try anything new at least once, and if I enjoy it I'll add it to my specialty parties. It keeps things fresh, and ensures that even return clients are never bored with me."





The MILF Man

A woman discovers that being a single mother isn't the end of the world—especially when there's a young stud right next door, willing to service all your needs.

By Delilah Devlin • Illustrations by Reiq

Twice monthly, as soon as my son is strapped into the car seat in my ex's Lexus, and the taillights are flashing, my own visitation begins—48 hours of decadent bliss, compliments of my very own MILF man.

I'd known Sam casually for a couple of years, but he was younger, and a blue-collar guy. We had little in common, until one day three months ago ...

I waited on the porch, my eyes shielded against the sun as, yet again, my ex put our son into the car seat in the back of his luxury car. Danny gave me a little wave, his bright smile causing my chest to hurt. I hated when he was away. I worried constantly that something would happen when he was in his father's care, but what could I do? Visitation stipulated Brent had two weekends a month.

Brent didn't bother looking my way again as he drove off. He'd been rude when he'd lifted Danny from my arms, telling me not to be late on Sunday to pick him up. We hadn't separated on the best of terms, and the sting of the judge giving me primary custody still grated. Not because he missed his son. He didn't like having to pay child support.

I'd turned to go back inside when I noticed my next-door neighbor staring after Brent's car. Sam's jaw was tight, his eyes narrowed. He likely remembered the shouting matches Brent and I had engaged in during the final months of our marriage. Once, he'd even knocked on the door to see if I was all right.

I'd been embarrassed, but although Brent was harsh with his words, he'd never touched me. I'd thanked Sam, but closed the door firmly. I hadn't liked that my personal problems had become so public. Not that Brent was much of an issue any-

more. Other than the twice-monthly handoffs of our son, we didn't communicate.

Sam's gaze followed the Lexus to the stop sign, and then his gaze swung back to me, still narrowed. For just a second, awareness swept through me—causing the fine hairs on my arm to lift and my nipples to tingle. I gave him a tight smile and reentered my home, closing the door, then leaning my back against the cool wood while I remembered how to breathe.

Later that evening, a knock sounded on my door. It was Sam, and he held up bags of food from the Indian restaurant I loved.

"I have too much," he said with a tentative smile.

Well, I had a few choices. I could thank him, but tell him I'd already eaten. I could thank him and take the bags, but firmly shut the door. Or ...

I opened my door wider and stood aside, silently inviting him in, thanking whatever lucky star for the fact I'd just bathed and wore a soft blue tunic over jeans. I knew I looked good by the way his cheeks blushed after the quick glance he gave my body. And I also knew he'd noted I wasn't wearing a bra—my nipples were already tightening, the tips poking at the softly draping material of my top.

"This was really nice of you," I said as he set the bags on my counter. I moved around, drawing dishes and utensils from the cupboards.

"I saw your light," he said, shrugging. "It's Saturday night. A pretty woman like you shouldn't be alone."

That could have sounded cheesy, and like a well-rehearsed line, but coming from him, with his gaze shyly meeting mine, I knew he was sincere. "Well, I'm glad you're here."

We both relaxed and ate our meal, while I

asked him about his work and we talked about the places we'd traveled. Seemed our tastes were similar. We both loved New Orleans and detested Los Angeles. But he'd been to Europe—his senior trip in high school. Somewhere I'd always longed to go.

But that mention of high school reminded me of our differences. I was nearly 30. He couldn't have been more than 25. And while the number of years between us wasn't huge, I was a divorced woman with a child. He couldn't be that interested, shouldn't want anything that complicated.

I stood to clear the table, ready to end the night before I did something stupid—like invite him upstairs, because he was incredibly well-built and I'd lusted after him for the longest time—but he reached for my hand, halting me. He stood and slowly smoothed his hands up my forearms to my elbows. Then, since I didn't draw away, he moved higher. When a hand cupped the back of my neck, I couldn't help myself. I let my head fall back and lowered my eyelashes.

I expected him to be tentative and gentle, but he devoured my mouth, catching me by surprise. I opened and he swept inside, stroking my tongue and taking my breath. I clutched his arms because, suddenly, my knees felt a little weak and I swayed. I reached up and dug my fingers into his short blond hair and pulled.

He broke the kiss.

I stared. His lips were wet, his nostrils flaring. Gone was the seemingly shy guy I'd been crushing on for months. This man's face and body were taut. He wanted me.

"Stay with me," I whispered.

"I want the weekend."

I blinked, not knowing whether I was ready for more than just a night, but gave a nod. Maybe after we'd done it once or twice, he'd change his mind.

He let go of me, then reached for my hand. "Lead the way."

We walked up the stairs, him trailing behind. I was never so aware of a man, and I knew he was watching my movements, probably my ass, as we climbed. If I swayed my hips a little more than usual, well, again, I couldn't help myself. I wanted him hard. Ready. I wanted him inside me. *Now.*

Inside my bedroom, I walked straight to the bed, then turned.

He dropped my hand and quickly toed off his shoes and reached to pull his T-shirt over his head.

His chest was broad, his abdomen well-muscled. A body honed by hard work rather than any gym's weight set. Maybe because I hesitated, he stepped forward and reached for the hem of my tunic, waiting as I raised my arms.

When my hair settled around my shoulders, I could only stand and stare. Our nude torsos were so close, I wanted to lean toward him and rub my hard, aching nipples against his chest, but he was more eager to shed the rest of his clothing. He thumbed the button at his waist, unzipped, and pushed his jeans and boxers downward, bending to remove them.

When he straightened, I drew a deep breath. His cock was thick and long, and very aroused. I'd seen only two cocks before—my husband's and my high school boyfriend's, and neither one had made me quiver.

His did. I knew it would stretch me, fill me up.

Again, he reached across and undid the waist of my pants and slowly pushed them downward.

He knelt to help me step out of them, and I sucked in my belly. His hair brushed my skin there, and against my mound. Moisture seeped from inside me to slick my folds, and now I was every bit as impatient. I combed my fingers through his hair and tugged to

He crawled between my legs, lifted my thighs, and placed them on his shoulders. The moment his tongue stroked the center of my folds, bottom to top, I arched and dug my heels into his back.

tilt his face up to meet my gaze.

His blue eyes were narrowed, piercing. A tiny smile curved the corners of his mouth. "Miz Kitchens, you have a very nice ruff," he said, then stroked a finger over the narrow strip of hair.

"Dana," I said. "You do know my name, don't you?"

"I heard your ex shout it often enough." His mouth tightened. A flash of his earlier anger shone in his eyes.

A blush heated my cheeks, but I wasn't going to let any modesty get in the way of my pleasure. Who knew when I'd find an opportunity like this again. A handsome man at my feet, looking hungry and aroused. Angry on my behalf. I backed up to the bed and sat, opening my legs, inviting him to play—if he wanted.

After cloaking his lovely cock in latex, he crawled between my legs, lifted my thighs, and placed them on his shoulders. Then, giving me a direct stare—a warning?—he bent over my pussy.

Shock held me still the moment his tongue stroked the center of my folds, bottom to top. When he did it again, I arched and dug my heels into his back.

He forked his fingers at the top of my pussy and pulled upward, exposing my clit, then he bent again and stroked it with his tongue.

"Sweet Jesus, that feels good," I gasped.

"There's more," he rasped. "Don't come." His lips latched around my little nub and sucked.

I sucked in a harsh breath and rolled up my shoulders, incapable of speech. I reached for his hair and pulled, wanting him closer, wanting more.

Two thick, callused fingers rimmed my opening before thrusting inside. "Not yet," he bit out.

But I was close. My hips rocked, pushing against his mouth; my pussy clenched around his fingers and liquid gushed to wet them.

"Not yet." He removed his fingers and kissed my belly. Then he stood and gripped my waist, turning me and pushing me toward the center of the bed, following me so closely that I felt his breath on my ass.

When I was there, he placed a hand between my shoulder blades, forcing me to lower my chest to the coverlet. He palmed my ass with his hands, gave it a squeeze, then slapped both sides.

I gave a yelp, and pushed up to look back and give him a glare.

His one-sided smile and narrowed gaze were more effective than any command. My heart thudded against my chest as I faced forward again, sank my chest, and resettled my knees.

A man I barely knew was staring at my ass. My pussy was swollen and wet, my entrance clasp then releasing. Fuck, he could see right inside me.

His large, rough hands were gripping me hard, molding my buttocks, but then one hand slid away.

I held my breath as the fat tip of his cock pushed against my center, and then gave a groan as he entered me, sliding slowly but relentlessly forward until he filled me. His cock was so deep it nudged my cervix.

"Didn't expect you to be so fucking tight."

He gave me a couple of strokes, then held deep inside me, his fingers biting into my hips to keep me from moving. He withdrew, then pushed inside again, easing through my walls, stretching me with little circles of his hips, like he was screwing himself inside



me. "Fucking hot, baby. Love the way this feels."

So did I. His cock was raking every sensitive inch of my vagina. I reached deep between my legs and caught his balls.

"Let go."

"I want it hard."

"You're too fucking tight."

"You won't hurt me, Sam. *Please*."

His laugh sounded choked. "Never had a woman grab my balls like that."

I smiled, but I didn't let go. I loved the velvety texture of his sac and the way his cock expanded inside me, jerking as I fondled and tugged.

He let go of my hips and ringed my wrist, squeezing until I let go. Then he pulled free and reached for me, flipping me over so fast I was still breathless and stunned when he hooked his arms under

His eyebrows lowered, but he gave me a slow nod. "And if, eventually, I want more?"

I took a deep breath. Baby steps. Sure, I was just as greedy. My pussy was throbbing. I liked everything about this man—his strong body, his stamina, the direct way he had about him. Already, I trusted him. "Let's see. Give me time."

"Okay," he said, leaning down to kiss me. "As much as you need, baby."

Sam calls himself the MILF Man, but I'm the only mother he wants to fuck. And as soon as my mouth is empty, I'll tell him I'm ready for more. But right now, I'm a little busy. With one hand tugging his balls, and the other wrapped around the base of his cock, I lower my head, taking him deep down my throat. Sam's very worthy cock is the last, I hope, I'll ever need. ☪

my thighs, lifted my ass from the bed, and thrust hard inside me.

Now, he had control again. I couldn't reach him. Couldn't scratch him. But I could tease.

I tugged my nipples while he stroked, plumped up my breasts and jiggled them. His stare was riveted on my breasts; his hips pistoned faster.

I watched him from under my eyelashes as I tweaked my nipples. But in the end, I had to grab the covers, bunching them in my hands as he powered into me, his quickening movements bouncing my breasts and heating up my insides.

The tension in my core tightened. I arched, whimpering his name. "Sam!" "Now baby, do it now."

I came so hard moisture flooded my channel. The sounds he made, slapping against my groin, were lewd and lush.

His face was reddening, his eyes glazing, and then his breath hitched and he jerked against me, out of rhythm. I felt the pulses inside me as he filled the condom with spurts of his come.

When he stopped moving, he lowered me, careful to keep the connection, until his chest rested against mine, his weight supported on his elbows. "Spend the weekend with me?" he asked.

Still breathing hard, I smiled sleepily. "I already said yes."

"No, you gave me a nod, but you weren't sure." He played with a lock of my hair, brushing the curl back and forth against my cheek.

Although sated, I realized, gazing up at him, that I'd been cheated out of so much. My ex had screwed his secretary, but he'd also never given me much more than quick, perfunctory fucks. I wanted more of what Sam had to offer. I met his gaze.

"I want the weekend. And if this works between us, I want every weekend my son is gone."





MANNEQUIN

Get a long, hard, um, look at the steamiest holiday shopping we've ever seen with this pictorial from November 2002.

Though the hour is late and the plaza boutiques are closed for the night, Cheyenne can't resist doing a little window-shopping on the way to her car. As she takes in the latest European designs, she pauses to admire the forms underneath: long legs, pretty faces, and small, perfect breasts. She is startled to find herself getting excited. This is the first time that thinking about a woman has turned her on. But she cannot take her eyes off the figure in the middle; something about that one—the softer curves, the fuller lips—has her convinced there's a lot more here than just window dressing. She moves in for a closer look, and in the cool night air finds herself fantasizing about the sexy creature before her. She longs to press her soft body against the mannequin's hard limbs, to feel something so stiff inside her.

Photographs by Earl Miller



Cheyenne raises one hand to the window and rests the other between her legs to temper her throbbing clit. When the door to the shop clicks open, Cheyenne wastes no time finding her way inside. "Release me," the mannequin whispers, "but first let me release *you*." Cheyenne, in awe, falls to her knees. The figure is so lifelike, she wonders at first if she's dreaming; a soft caress assures her she is not.





Cheyenne is hungry for this woman— whoever or whatever she is—and cannot get enough of her. She suctions her lips to the mannequin's pussy, nibbling on the smooth folds and darting her tongue in and out of her love canal. The mannequin bends to the soft touch of Cheyenne's mouth as Cheyenne herself dampens with desire and drips musky little beads of love juice.





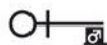
Cheyenne repositions them in a sixty-nine. When a slender finger slides inside her bottom, she is surprised but does not object. She's always open to new sensations. Then a shiny new toy adds to the fun. They stroke it until it feels warm, then lick up and down its curves until it is wet enough to suit them. Cheyenne is excited by its many possibilities.







The mannequin thrusts the lubed-up dildo into both of Cheyenne's openings, filling her as she has never been filled before. She is so turned-on by the scent of Cheyenne's sex that she has to take care of her own needs with her free hand. In no time at all, the lovers are moaning, on the edge of ecstasy. Cheyenne writhes beneath the mannequin's touch until she climaxes. Then, quickly, she makes sure that the mannequin comes, supplying the relief—and the release—she was asking for.



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Two Girls and a Bag of Sex Toys

Last week my girlfriend, Heather, gave me the best gift I could ever imagine—and it wasn't even my birthday. It was a Friday night, and she'd volunteered to prepare a romantic dinner for us.

My cock was hard as I sat on the couch, mindlessly watching TV, thinking about Heather in one of her notoriously short miniskirts, with no panties, as she's wont to do. When we're out, I've seen guys try to get a peek at her ass and then look disappointed when I put my arm around her. She's a sex kitten if ever there was one, and I never know if she's going to bring home a new vibrator she wants to show off, or a friend to join us in bed. Last week she brought home both sex toys *and* a hot girl for a threesome I will never forget.

When she got home, I heard giggling outside as she put her key in the lock. I wondered what she was laughing about, until I heard another voice. The tinkling laugh was from her best friend, Ann, and my cock really perked up when I saw that they were



I cried out as my hot cream spurted into Ann's mouth. Then Heather told her what a dirty girl she was for seducing both of us.

draped all over each other.

"Hi, honey, we're home!" Heather called out as she ran over and leaped on top of me. She gave me a huge bear hug, then a lusty kiss, as if Ann weren't even there. At first I thought it was a simple hello kiss, but when her tongue dove into my mouth and she ground her pussy against me, I got lost in her body and nearly forgot that we had a visitor. Then I felt another set of hands helping me out. Ann had come closer and was cupping Heather's breasts through her thin T-shirt.

"You don't mind if Ann joins us, do you, baby?" asked Heather as her tongue swiped along my neck.

I moaned as she writhed against me, and almost shot my load when Ann's fingers lifted up my girlfriend's shirt and revealed her bare breasts. They're on the small side, but perfectly shaped and in proportion to her body—and, I discovered, just the right size to fit in her friend's hands. Ann tweaked Heather's nipples while my girl fumbled to get my jeans off. My dick popped out, and I was about to lift Heather onto me and slide her

sweet pussy down around my cock when she pushed me back. "Wait, Tom. We have a surprise for you."

"Another one?" I asked, laughing, as I wondered what could top two hot girls wanting to fuck.

The two of them kissed passionately before Heather gave Ann a light push to her ass. Ann went over to her bag and came back dangling a pair of nipple clamps in one hand and a large pink dildo in the other. I immediately pictured her using them both on Heather, but my coconspirators had something else in mind.

"Take off your shirt," ordered Heather, standing over me while Ann got on the couch next to me. Ann was so close I could smell her perfume, and thinking about sinking my cock into her cunt made me even hornier.

My arm brushed against her as I removed my shirt, and then I was sitting there with my cock out while the two women stared at me. "Okay, now we're going to put these clamps on you," said Heather, as she bent forward and sucked one of my nubs between her lips. As her tongue

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flicked against my nipple, Ann took my hand and began licking my palm, before sucking on my index finger in a way that made me long to feel her lips wrapped around my cock. Before I knew what was happening, Heather had attached the tweezer clamps to my nipples. I sucked in my breath, even though it didn't hurt all that much and was more arousing than anything. "Look at his cock, Ann."

Her sexy friend stopped sucking my finger to stare at my dick, which was even harder than before, the crown swollen as a drop of pre-come oozed from it. Heather tugged on the chain connecting the clamps, but her eyes were on Ann. "I think you need to be tied up, Tom," she said, her voice brooking no argument—not that I minded whatever these two sexy vixens had planned for me.

"Hand me your panty hose," Heather said to Ann, once again showing off her bossy side. I let her tie my wrists behind my back, and then there I was, naked and strung up, with clamps on my nipples. My dick was rock hard, though, so I wasn't complaining.

"What do you want to do now, Ann?" Heather asked, graciously granting her guest the option of choosing how she'd pleasure herself.

"I want to suck his cock," Ann said, her voice getting low on the last word. Heather gave my clamps another tug, sending waves of heat through my chest, then ran one red fingernail underneath Ann's chin.

"Say it louder!" she barked.

"I want to suck Tom's cock!"

"Good girl—go right ahead," she said, stepping aside so Ann could bend down and take my cock into her luscious mouth. Flashes of pressure from the clamps were intensified by her perfect sucking, and by my arms being bound behind me. Part of me wanted to ask to be untied so I could touch Ann, but part of me liked being at their mercy. Ann moved one hand to my balls, cupping them as her hot mouth surrounded my dick.

Heather let go of the chain strung between the clamps, and I was a little disappointed—until I realized my girl had picked up the fat dildo and was pulling down Ann's pants. Ann moaned around my cock, her tongue vibrating against my shaft as Heather got her bottom half naked and began rubbing the toy against her slit. I kept looking from Ann's head bobbing up and down on my cock to Heather pushing the pink toy into Ann's sex.



Ann looked up at me, her brown eyes sparkling as she continued to sensually suck my cock. I was getting antsy and gave Heather a pleading look. She took pity on me and released my arms so I was free to play—with myself and Ann. I gave a tug on the chain and knew Ann had to feel my cock's corresponding twitch. Then she shut her eyes as my girlfriend started slamming the toy into her, thrusting the entire length into her cunt. I had a feeling Heather wished she had a harness so she could fuck her properly.

As Heather's fucking got more intense, Ann started drooling on my cock, her fingers tightening against my balls. I gave short, sharp pulls on the chain, feeling my whole body respond to the dual sensations. All of us were moaning loudly, even Heather, who was clearly turned-on by the reaction she was getting from Ann.

I reached my free hand over to stroke the area right above Ann's ass, letting my fingers play above her hole, teasing her with the possibility that I might enter her there. The three of us moved as if we were one being—tugging, sucking, and fucking until I knew I was about to pop. "I'm gonna come," I cried out, tightening my grip on the chain, as well as on Ann. She grunted and ground her mouth against me, letting me know she

wanted me to shoot into her mouth.

"Give her a big, creamy mouthful of come," said Heather, her hand joining mine as she pummeled her friend's pussy with the toy.

"Yes!" I cried out, as I felt my hot cream spurting up from my balls and right into Ann's mouth. She sucked me even harder, if you can believe that, suctioning out every last drop. Then she rested her head against my thigh while I stroked her hair, and Heather told her what a dirty girl she was for coming over here and seducing both of us. Every time she said anything to Ann, the girl quivered in my lap, clearly getting off on Heather's potty mouth. Then she clutched my hand, her grip surprisingly strong for such a petite girl, as Heather made her climax, her body shuddering as my girlfriend slammed the dildo into her one final time.

When we were done, Heather slowly eased the toy out, then gave it to Ann to hold before gingerly releasing my nipples from their bonds. I knew Heather had to be soaking wet, and one quick swipe of my finger along her slit confirmed that.

"I think it's time that you experienced some of what you just doled out," I said to her, pressing her back against the couch and binding her arms with the panty hose. "Think you could give me a hand?" I asked Ann. She wound up giving more than a hand, as she licked my girl and fucked her with the dildo while I clamped her nipples, making her cry out in pleasure. We made Heather come, then come again.

Ann left that night, but she has an open invitation to crash at our place, and I'm sure she'll take advantage of it. The toys, though, have stayed with us.—*Mr. Tom S., Chicago* (This is an excerpt from the new book *Letters to Penthouse 52: Dirty Girls and Sexy Toys*)

Vacation Sexual Tension

On paper, an all-paid family vacation sounds ideal, but try telling that to my dick. I don't go away too often due to my heavy workload and responsibilities, but I couldn't say no to my in-laws' offer to take their children and grandchildren on a family trip for the holidays. We packed our bags and headed to the tropics.

The chaos throughout the flight foreshadowed a gloomy start. The

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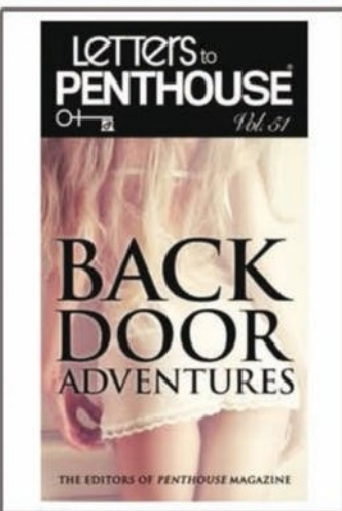
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children whined, cried, and bitched during the entire four-hour ordeal. I downed a couple of drinks like a college kid, and my half-drunken state made me feel horny. I threw a blanket over my wife and me, then slithered my fingers up her skirt toward her panties. She slapped my hand away, disgusted that I would pull that shit so close to the family. I debated if I should lock myself inside the bathroom to jerk off, but didn't think I could take it if someone pounded on the door.

When the plane landed, palm trees and limo drivers welcomed us. Once again, the transportation had been covered by my generous in-laws. We checked in at the resort, which had gorgeous ocean views wherever you stood. We had an entire floor. Luckily, there were adjoining rooms, meaning

I flipped her over so she was on all fours and drove my cock inside her, fucking her from behind while I lightly slapped her ass.



our kids would have their own bedroom while my wife and I could practice innovative sex positions in ours. Lately her sexual appetite had been fading, but I was hoping to shake things up, inside and out.

We got the kids settled in and started unpacking our bags. I was thrilled to see passion in my wife's eyes. She wanted me. I locked our bedroom door and tossed her on the bed, ripped off her clothes, and slid off her panties. My boner was enormous and needed some instant satisfaction. I knew it would be a quickie, but I would take an appetizer, a starter to the main course.

Her tits rubbed up against my chest while she stroked my cock. I fingered her pussy to get her revved up. Just as I was about to trade in my fingers for

my throbbing dick, I heard wailing. My wife's look of horniness quickly turned to fear. She rolled off the bed, put on her clothes, and rushed out of the room. Turned out my niece had fallen down in the hallway and scraped up her knee. Everyone else had poured out into the hallway, and the moment was lost.

Things went downhill from there. My son came down with a stomach virus, so instead of screwing my wife to oblivion, I was kicked out of the bed for three nights. Finally, my son was better, and an idea popped inside my head. I convinced my in-laws that my wife and I were feeling under the weather, saying maybe we had caught the bug. They offered to take the kids out to dinner so we could nurse ourselves back to health. And boy, did we.

The moment the hotel door closed, we pounced on each other. I ripped off her panties with my teeth. I licked and probed her pussy. Her juices trickled inside my mouth. I relish in hearing my wife come. Hearing her moan and feeling her body convulse always makes my dick stiff and ready for action. I flipped her over so she was on all fours and drove my cock inside her drenched pussy, fucking her from behind while I lightly slapped her ass. She dared me to fuck her faster and deeper. Now that was the hot bitch I'd married! I tried to keep thrusting and pumping for longer, but I lost it as she moaned that she was coming again. I shot my load on her back. We fell

asleep and faked the extended illness the next day.—D.W., Wisconsin

■ Dude Ranch

Family vacations are not on the top of my list of favorite things, but every year my parents celebrate the New Year by taking my younger brother and me on a new adventure. When was this going to end? Last year, my parents dragged us across the country to go white-water rafting. I'm surprised we survived that ordeal. Both my mother and I fell into the river, while my father and brother laughed as we struggled to get back inside the slippery raft. It seems like the older I get the more ridiculous the family-bonding trips become. This year's torture setting was at a dude ranch. My father said there would be no access to the outside world, meaning absolutely no cellphone, iPad, or other link to my sanity. I would be isolated in misery, waking up at the crack of dawn and learning to ride a horse. And even though I'm 20 now, there was no getting away from it. Well, unless I want to start paying for college myself.

Still, I'm a young woman in her prime who should be cuddling up with a hottie, instead of hanging out with my lame-ass family. And I needed a distraction to get over my last relationship. I'd caught Alex cheating a few weeks before with a waitress at the restaurant where he works. My trusty vibrator had been helping me get off, but nothing compares to the real deal.

As we approached the ranch, I had to admit the grounds were breathtaking and the horses looked gorgeous. I didn't want to give away any hint that this trip might not suck, though, so I sighed, "Can't wait to go back home to civilization."

"Kids, isn't this place beautiful?" my mom said, gleefully ignoring my smug comment and addressing my brother and me like we were preschoolers.

"Yeah, it looks like we're on the set of a cowboy flick," my brother, Ryan, responded. *Geez, kid, grow up*, I thought to myself. *You're 18 years old. Go jerk off*. I stayed silent in the backseat, hoping the trip would fly by. A silver-haired cowboy approached our car and welcomed us to the ranch, which had been in his family for three generations.

"Trevor will help you get settled," the ancient cowboy said, waving this

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Trevor guy over to assist us. With each step, my heart skipped a beat. What a gorgeous sight, even better than the landscape. Trevor's impressive frame stood more than six feet tall. He oozed masculinity. His rugged demeanor would make any woman drop her panties. I was jealous of the worn-out jeans hugging his tight ass

and bulging package. A cowboy hat covered his head. A true gentleman, he removed his hat to greet us, allowing his blond hair to tousle in the breeze while framing his scruffy face. I was in a complete horny trance. Our eyes locked, and I felt my pussy ache.

"I'm Trevor, here to make you feel the essence of our family ranch." His raspy Southern drawl matched his sexiness. I wanted to feel the essence of *him* inside me.

"Melinda, Melinda!" my father repeatedly called my name. I felt my cheeks fire up. I guess I wasn't being discreet about drooling over Trevor.

"Very nice to meet you," Trevor said, extending his massive, calloused hand till our palms met. Never had I felt such instant electricity. His touch ignited a heat that traveled throughout my body.

"Same here," I managed to say. I was not used to such rough, manly hands. I yearned for them to rub my entire body.

"Have you ridden a horse before?" he asked. I wanted to say, "No, but I would sure love to ride you," but my father was still standing beside us.

"Be gentle on her," my father warned. I was so embarrassed that I was having such naughty thoughts about a complete stranger in front of my family, I wanted to hide my face. Luckily, Trevor didn't seem to mind. He smirked at me, his blue eyes twinkling.

After we were settled inside our adorable log cabin, Trevor knocked on the door. "Anyone interested in starting the riding lessons?" he asked. I quickly volunteered, and my mother and brother did, too. I was still hoping for some alone time with him.

A flicker of bravery invaded me, and I was the first to mount up. My first-time jitters might have been sensed by my horse, because before I could get a comfortable grip on the reins, she hunched down for some reason, then rose back up. Before I

Trevor sprawled out with his pole ready for me to go wild. I mounted his gorgeous dick.

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knew what was going on, her front legs were in the air and I was parallel to the ground.

"Get me off this damn horse!" I yelled.

Trevor ran to my side, easing my nerves, but rattling my hormones.

"Calm down, easy, girl," he whispered. I wasn't sure if he was talking to me or the horse. He patted the horse's ass, and even the horse seemed to appreciate his touch.

"Please, Trevor, get me off," I begged.

"I would love to, but I'd rather not in front of your mother or brother," he teased. I giggled at his sexual flirting. I was thrilled that he, too, felt the heat between us.


The lesson came to a close, dinner was served, and the lights were out. Everyone was fast asleep, except me. My body ached for Trevor. I fantasized about feeling him deep inside me. I ventured outside and noticed a light burning close by. Earlier in the day, Trevor had pointed out his cabin. I needed to go to him!

I raced to his cabin, knocking on the door. As if he had been waiting for me, he answered wearing just a pair of boxers. I stood in complete lust, eyeing his perfectly chiseled chest and monstrous boner. Without any words exchanged, he pulled me toward him, planting hot kisses on my lips and neck. He pulled my nightgown over my head, rubbing those strong, rugged hands all over my tits and nipples. I moaned, and pushed his hand down to my soaked cotton panties. His fingers traced my mound, while his tongue probed my mouth.

"I want you!" I declared.

Trevor removed his boxers and led me to his bed. Then he sprawled out naked with his pole ready for me to go wild. I mounted his gorgeous dick. Just as I'd thought, Trevor felt perfect inside me. Our bodies meshed together, fucking and bucking urgently. He made my pussy pulsate and melt in ecstasy. Like a wild, untamed horse, I rode him until I had no breath left.

"Oh, Trevor," I cried during wave after wave of satisfaction. Trevor held on strong, but his grimacing face indicated he was nearing the edge. He released his cock from my wet hole and exploded his load all over my tits.

That evening was just the beginning of my best vacation ever. Every night, for the rest of the trip, I rode my cowboy!—M.G., *New York* 

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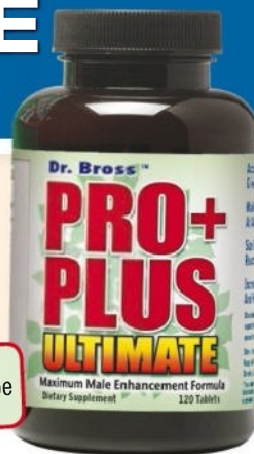


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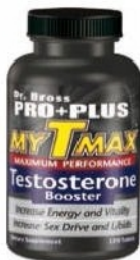
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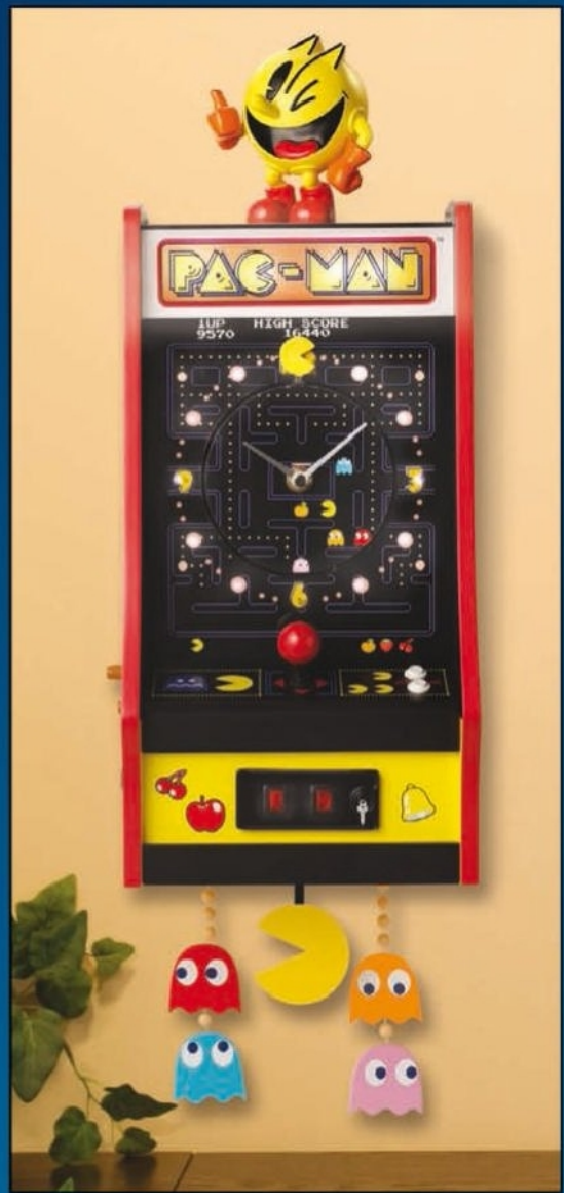
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